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COLLEGE  
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SUMMER TERM-1914.



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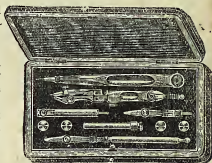
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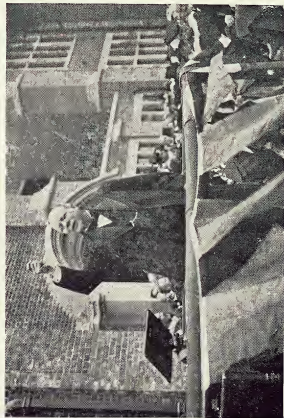
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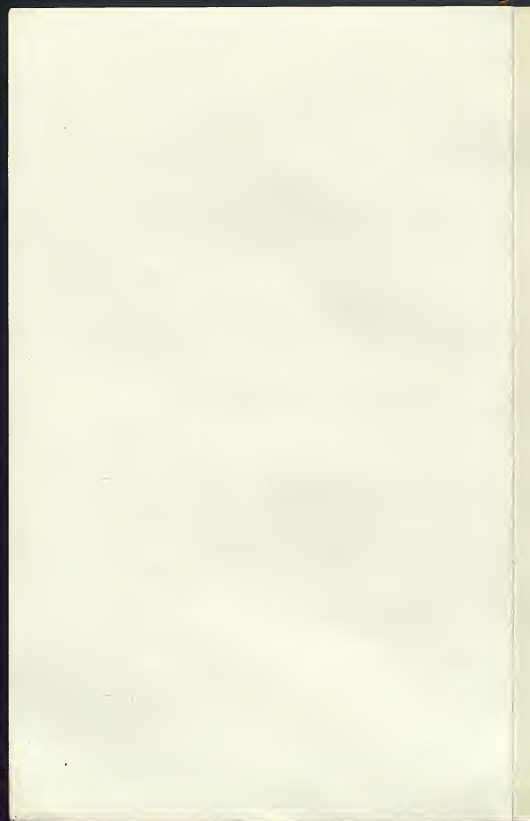
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LORD HALDANE delivering his Address at the Opening of the New  
College Buildings, Saturday, June 20th, 1914.

(Reproduced by permission of the *Southampton Pictorial*).



# THE Hartley University College Magazine.

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## = = Editorial Notes. = =

Here's my hand,  
And mine, with my heart in't. And now  
Farewell.

—*Tempest, Act III., Sc. I.*

THE farewells which must be uttered this term are no ordinary ones. At any other time than the present we might experience a melancholy pleasure in bidding a more or less lachrymose good-bye to our college friends, with perhaps a lurking feeling that our style is suited to good-byes and leave-taking. But what kind of style would suit the double farewell which we are forced to take this year? It is not often that people of the twentieth century, apart from those strange creatures found in novels, feel any very keen regret on leaving an old home for a new one. Does not the new villa with its fresh paint and "every modern convenience" compensate us for the loss of the old world air inseparable from box-edging and mysterious presses when we move from town to suburb? But our affections are not so fickle that a brand new common-room with radiators and smart polished furniture will be at once as dear to us as our Old Common-Room (capital letters, please, Mr. Printer), with its smelly coke stoves and oft-smashed velvet settees redolent of many a rough house and subsequent dunning for damages. Our regrets are still more poignant when we think of the utter darkness which will surround the inhabitants of the new common-room. What familiar piece of furniture, chipped door, or broken window will remind those who know not Joseph of time-honoured memories? Is the "Put him agin the bun-boy" legend to pass into obscurity because the door through which the high-placed victim passed is out of ken? Is the disgrace of the Pompeyites to be forgotten because the door-posts at Highfield bear no traces of that most furious of

all scrums? If these things pass out of mind then the new buildings will be a wilderness. We who are about to leave salute you who remain, and beg of you to treasure all these memories and to pass them on to all who follow you. It is a duty—nay, more, a trust,—and we know you will prove worthy not only of maintaining the traditions of Hartley, but of keeping green all the trivial and sentimental memories which have helped us to jog along in college and to pass out of it with cheer in our hearts.

Then we must say good-bye to one another—not, perhaps, with such a sinking sensation, for do we not promise to meet again at the next reunion? Yet our regret is great. Three years of common life, eating the same humble pie, rejoicing over the same victories, holding our sides over the same witticisms and sharing the same jokes has left a mark on the thickest of our hides which has given us a great liking for one another's company. Some of us are a long time making new friends, and it is with a great deal of apprehension that we part with our old ones. Nevertheless it must be, and we who are taking our departure wish happiness and success not only to one another, but to the new seniors also, congratulating them that they remain at College when it has emerged from its difficulties and has such glorious hopes.

E. W.



IN our last issue we briefly referred to the resignation of Professor Maxwell. On May 12th a presentation was made to Mr. Maxwell by Dr. Hill on behalf of members of the staff and friends in the town and elsewhere, who gave expression, both in a prepared address and in speeches of the moment, to their appreciation of Mr. Maxwell's character and work, their regret at his departure, and their best wishes for Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell in the future. Professor Eustice spoke for the senior, and Mr. Dixon for the junior staff, and Mr. Dudley for the Education Department, and Mr. S. Gubb, Headmaster of Taunton's School, for the schoolmasters of the town and Mr. Maxwell's colleagues in the Territorial Company. On the following day a presentation was made by Miss Tidman on behalf of the students. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell sailed for Canada on May 14th.



The degree of D.Litt. has been conferred by the University of Oxford upon Vicount St. Cyres, one of the new Vice-Presidents of the College. Lord St. Cyres took a first class in

History at Oxford, is the author of several historical monographs, and contributed the article on "The Gallican Church" to the fifth volume of the *Cambridge Modern History*. He is a Senior Student and former Tutor of Christ Church.

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The other new Vice-President, Sir William Mather, LL.D., is head of the well-known electrical engineering firm of Mather and Platt, and has been a prominent worker in the promotion of Technical and University education. Sir William formerly represented one of the Manchester constituencies in the House of Commons.

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A HIGH distinction has come to a former student of the College in the award of the Stevenson Medal to Mr. F. Wentworth-Sheilds, M. Inst. C.E., whose eminence as a Dock Engineer thus receives fitting recognition from the Institute. Mr. Wentworth-Sheilds has always kept up his association with the College, and only as recently as last November read a paper before the Engineering Society.

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DURING the last two or three months a course of lectures has been given to members of the Workers' Educational Association by way of preliminary to the tutorial class, which it is hoped to start next October. The lecturers have been Dr. Hill, Professor Lyttel, and Dr. Horrocks.

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THE Annual Meeting of the Southampton University Extension Society was held on June 24th at Hamble Cliff, Netley, by the invitation of the Hon. Mrs. Eliot Yorke. The report for the session 1913-14 showed that it was of a very satisfactory character. Owing to the success of the lectures at the Avenue Hall, by Dr. Hill and Professor Sutherland, which attracted an average attendance of about 250, the Committee has been able to make a grant of £25 to the New Buildings Fund of the College. Lady Swaythling, who distributed the Prizes awarded for Essays sent in during the two courses, was re-elected President of the Society, and Professor Boyd one of the Hon. Secretaries.

THE College Chess Club is to be congratulated on having again won the Hampshire County Trophy.

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TO COMMEMORATE their visit to Southampton last year, the Municipality of Cherbourg have sent £20 to the French Consul, M. Barthélemy, to spend on French books to be awarded to students of French in the Hartley University College and Secondary Schools of the town. The following students of the College have been chosen as qualified to benefit by this generous gift: Misses Chappell, Foot, L. Lovel, Rose, and Tidman; Messrs. Alford, Applin, Bamford, Lett, Moriarty, Thorpe, R. J. C. Weber, B. A. Weber, Naylor, and Wright. The distribution will take place at 8 o'clock on Tuesday evening, July 7th, in the College Hall.

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SOUTHAMPTON was recently visited by one of the most eminent of living geographers in the person of Geheimrat Dr. Penck, Professor of Geography in the University of Berlin, Director of the Geographical Institute in that city, and one of the three members of the International Map Committee. The primary object of Dr. Penck's visit to England was to receive the Gold Medal awarded to him by the Royal Geographical Society for his investigations into the shifting of climatic belts, but Professor Penck took the opportunity of bringing over a party of students in order that they might see, on the south coast of England, a type of land form such as is not to be found on the Continent. Mr. C. B. Fawcett, of our Geography Department, was invited to accompany the party, and they visited the Isle of Wight under his guidance. Professor Penck and Dr. Behrmann, Lecturer in Geography at Berlin, were also entertained to dinner by the Principal at Highfield Hall.

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THE Governors of the College have confirmed the recommendation of the Council to change the name to "The University College of Southampton," though the name of "Hartley" will probably be perpetuated in connexion with some part of the new buildings, and will doubtless always be used as a term of affection.

THE outstanding event of the year, marking an epoch in the history of the College, was the opening of the new building at Highfield by the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Haldane, on June 20th.

Lord Haldane was welcomed on his arrival at Southampton by the whole company of students, both men and women. As he and the Principal entered the motor-car which was to convey them to Highfield the Gobli was danced round it, and while the dance was in progress two students dressed as Suffragettes broke through the circle and reached the window of the car with their hatchets before they were hauled away by other students who were in the plot. After some momentary apprehension Lord Haldane fully entered into the spirit of the thing. The students followed his car in taxicabs, and on arrival at Highfield Hall repeated their welcome in the garden.

The opening ceremony took place in the presence of a large and distinguished company, amongst whom were the Marquis of Winchester, Lord-Lieutenant of the County; Lord Welby, Lord Sanderson, Lord Moulton of Bank, Viscount St. Cyres, the Bishop of Southampton, the Hon. Mrs. Eliot Yorke, Colonel the Hon. Sir Harry and Lady Emma Crichton, Sir William Mather, Sir Henry Miers, Principal of the University of London, Sir Isambard Owen, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Bristol, Mr. A. W. Clayden, Principal of the University College of Exeter, and Mr. M. J. Rendall, Head Master of Winchester. The Mayor (Alderman Bagshaw) and Corporation of Southampton attended in state, and the Mayors and Town Clerks of a large number of other boroughs were present, as well as many prominent residents from all the six counties south of the Thames.

Lord Haldane, in the course of his address, remarked that this was not the first time he had visited the College, and he expressed the hope that he might come again. He congratulated those who, with great courage and great tenacity of purpose, had surmounted the difficulties that had lain in the way of the erection of the new buildings. The town of Southampton itself had done splendidly in the matter. He looked forward to the time when it would be the centre of something even greater than a University College—of a University which would attract students from all along the coast. Mr. C. G. Montefiore, President of the College, appealed to all those who had the interests of higher education at heart in the areas concerned to assist by financial support in the provision of what was still needed, especially

in the building and furnishing of a Hostel, or Hall of Residence, such as was necessary for true University life. The Mayor of Southampton, who spoke not only in his official capacity, but as an old student, said he trusted that other towns would come to the assistance of the College, which was in the way of becoming not only a great asset to Southampton, but an important educational centre for the southern counties of England. Lord Winchester, dwelling on the personal distinction of the Chancellor, referred especially to his formation of the Territorial Army, while Lord Moulton emphasised the fact that the Chancellor's chief passion was a love of education, and added that by coming there that day he had given them an indication such as no one else could give that they were in the right way.

The Vice-Presidents of the College (Lord St. Cyres and Sir William Mather), the Chairman of Council, Mr. Edward Gayton, the members of the Senate, and Miss Aubrey, Supervisor of Women Students, were presented to the Lord Chancellor, as were also five representative Students—Miss G. M. Chappell and Miss R. Lovell, and Messrs R. G. Tulley, F. B. J. Cleary and R. Mead.

The College Territorial Company provided a guard of honour for Lord Haldane and paraded on the ground. For the entertainment of the assembly a musical programme was given by the students, with Professor Lyttel as conductor and Miss Aubrey as accompanist. Mr. J. Owen Varney was the soloist, and Mr. J. F. Coles the violinist. A special feature was the singing of the new College song, composed by the Principal, and set to music by Professor Lyttel. During the afternoon selections of music were played by the band of the 5th Battalion of the Hants Regiment, under the conductorship of Mr. F. G. Gentle. After the music, "This way to the play," which consisted of a pastoral performance of the "Bottom" Scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The characters were:—Bottom, Dr. J. W. Horrocks; Quince, Mr. G. G. Dudley; Flute, Mr. F. B. J. Cleary; Snout, Mr. B. W. Nobes; Snug, Mr. V. G. Hodges; Starveling, Mr. G. R. Palmer; Puck, Miss Kiddle. The costumes were made by the students under the direction of Miss Fox and Miss Mortimer. Professor Shelley acted as producer, and Professor Starkey as business manager.

Guests from a distance were entertained to luncheon by the Principal at Highfield Hall, and the Mayor and Corporation, the Governors of the College, and other notable residents in the district by the President in the Pavilion of the Royal



Pier. Tea was provided for all the guests in the new buildings and in a large marquée on the grounds, some 1,500 being served simultaneously.

In the evening the Principal gave an "At Home" for students in the new buildings. Dancing and a Smoking Concert filled up the time.

With the exception of a bicycle accident to one of the students, Mr. Sidney Burnett—who, we are glad to say, is making satisfactory progress, the whole of the proceedings passed off smoothly, and there were no reserves to the general note of appreciation. The Principal, Professor Stansfield, who acted as Master of Ceremonies, and the Committee are to be congratulated on the success which, with the assistance of a fine day, attended their labours.



II, POLSTEAD ROAD,  
OXFORD,

22nd June, 1914.

*To the Editor of the Magazine.*

DEAR SIR,

In the course of the next fortnight, a new volume of the Southampton Record Society will be issued to the public: "The Books of Examinations and Depositions" (time of Elizabeth), edited by Miss E. R. Aubrey, M.A., and Miss G. H. Hamilton, both of the Hartley University College. The Editors have already done excellent work for the Society. Miss Aubrey in particular has earned the gratitude of all interested in local history by her masterly edition of "Speed's Manuscript History of Southampton." On that occasion she drew a picture of the town when, in the 18th century, it was a fashionable watering resort, frequented by the most distinguished society. In the present volume she deals with a period of which we hear little: Southampton in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It was a glorious age for England, and as Miss Aubrey has shown, the town did its best under trying circumstances. Its sons fought bravely against the Armada and took no small part in the plundering expeditions on the Spanish Main. But the fortunes of the town were low; commerce had deserted the port, and depression was felt in all trades and crafts.

The documents published in these volumes, which have been transcribed by Miss Hamilton, contain depositions made in the Mayor's Court by all manner of witnesses. Thieves, burglars, witches, penurious scholars, mariners and captains of all countries pass in succession before our eyes. They give their evidence in quaint language, and indirectly throw much light on the customs and manners, both private and public, of the good people of Southampton in those distant times. Every page has some touch of nature, and the work is sure to appeal to the general public to a degree unsurpassed by any previous publication of the Society. The Editors are sincerely to be congratulated on an excellent piece of work.

I thank you Sir, for the space you have kindly allowed me in your columns.

Yours faithfully,

P. STUDER.



Mr. J. F. Sparks has received the following letter from the Lord Chancellor :—

HOUSE OF LORDS,

S.W.,

*July 1st, 1914.*

DEAR MR. SPARKS,

Thank you for the photograph. It recalls to me a visit to your College, which was as vivacious as it was agreeable to me. The keenness of the welcome I received from the students I shall not readily forget, and the apparition of the suffragette with the chopper was a great conception.

Yours sincerely,

HALDANE.

## STRAY THOUGHTS ON THE THEATRE.



THE form of artistic expression which has shown most clearly the signs of a living existence during the last two decades is probably the Drama. Painting seemed to be taking on itself a new vision with the rise of Impressionism in the seventies, but although the new technique has had very decided influence, and is responsible for much "clever" work, we cannot say that it touches life vitally at the present time; no modification in the national outlook on existence is traceable to it; though, perhaps, it has so freed us of academic conventions that the various "isms" that have followed, from "Fauvism" to "Futurism," do not now need a Ruskin to beg them a hearing (or rather a "seeing") before being contemptuously laughed out of court, as was the case with Pre-raphaelitism. But modern life is much of the nature of a road-tearing automobile with a siren shrieking its way along. We have no time to look at pictures or to enter into the subtle claims of æsthetic cliques. The only man who can afford to worry much about the latest bizarrerie in art is the adver-tizing manager of a Music Hall "Revue."

This modern rush that prevents the contemplative attitude necessary to open the soul to the appeal of rhythmic colour not only does not tend much to diminish the appreciation of the Drama, but to some extent may possibly develop it. Nowadays we have no time to live our life *in extenso*, as it were; we must reduce our experience as we do our medicine—to tabloid form—as much as possible, and in this respect the Drama satisfies our need, for drama is the presentation of life, selected and concentrated. The sociological problems that press so closely upon us all are quickly sketched out for us on the stage, we get a clearer grasp of a complex industrial situation when the essentials are carefully sifted by the dramatist's imagination, and life is a pleasanter thing at second hand, arousing the pseudo emotions of the theatre, than the painful soul-racking experience of the original. We like to be moved (just to flatter ourselves that we still possess emotions), but not moved too much, for then we should pause to lament and think, and that would stop the onward rush. So that, in a way, modern existence may find its artistic counterpart in drama. But whether this "potted"-life idea concerning the relation of our busy existence to drama be right or wrong, it is undoubtedly true that there have been

most promising signs for the past twenty years of the possibility of a really living stage,—living in a fuller sense than has been since the days of Ben Jonson.

This recent revival has, roughly speaking, come about as an expression of two main lines of human development which have become prominent during the last twenty years. The first and most obtrusive may be called the sociological; the second, which is less tangible, but none the less real, may be called the mystical. The two are by no means unrelated to one another, but we have no space here to pursue the connection. The dramatic expression of the sociological comes out, generally speaking, as the "problem" play, with the realistic method of production as a correlative, while the mystical appears in drama as a kind of neo-romanticism with an impressionistic method of production. These divisions are only rough, and in particular cases will not apply; for instance, the play of W. B. Yeats called "Where there is nothing" deals with a mystical theme, but needs a realistic method of presentation; but the roughest classification is useful in attempting to collect one's thoughts amidst the medley of ideas which usually cumbers any contemporary movement.

Using this classification we will follow out a few stray thoughts concerning the "sociological" type of drama. The man who is responsible more than any other for the dramatic revival in Europe is the Norwegian poet and playwright, Henrik Ibsen. Ibsen it was, in his social plays from "The League of Youth," in 1869, through the whole stupendous series to "When We Dead Awaken," in 1899, who, with his first-rate knowledge of stage-production showed what a trenchant instrument the acted drama may be for exposing the evils of modern civilisation, and shattering some of the platform humbug with which our "pillars of society" delude themselves and their fellows. Ibsen has been likened to a surgeon, but although with a pitiless knife, pitiless even to himself, he probes into the diseased body of society, unlike a surgeon he does not know how to remove the disorder or how to heal the wound he has made. His own judgment of himself was truer when he said that it was his business to ask questions, not to answer them. In England we do not go to the theatre to think as do the Germans, rather do we go to prevent ourselves thinking—we take our amusements seriously, but we do not generally take serious amusements—so that Ibsen has never taken a great hold of the English mind as he did of the German. Still, in an adulterated form his method has been used very successfully by English playwrights, and a

whole school may be definitely derived from him. Shaw, Galsworthy, Barker, Monkhouse, are examples in England of those who have assimilated the essentials of the Ibsen drama without being so weak as to make too much of accidentals. More mechanical minds with feebler artistry have merely derived ideas of quite secondary importance from Ibsen, and have woven them into the machine-made thing called the "well-made play." For instance, the character called "the woman with a past" as seen in the Pinerotic drama is indirectly derived from Ibsen, though it is used in quite a different way. With Ibsen it is a necessity to the presentation of a vital problem,—with Pinero it is little more than an excuse for a plot. "The woman with a past" came about in some such way as this.—Ibsen found on examining social existence that the *real* problems of life only began when the surface problems, the problems most talked of in public, had been solved. So that he found it necessary to start his plays where the pre-Ibsenite drama would naturally leave off; he therefore takes for granted the history of his characters up to the point in their story when we are told "they lived happy ever after"—it is the "living happy ever after" that he is interested in and that largely forms the theme of his plays; thus comes it about that his persons start with a "past." And since one of the great *motifs* of his drama is the woman movement, it often happens that a woman with a past forms the central figure of a play. But the action of his play is rooted in that past—it is the inevitable consequence of it—the past is not used as an accidental solution of a theatrical plot as Pinero uses it in "His House in Order" for instance.

The serious facing of sociological problems is the outstanding characteristic of the Ibsen drama, and a secondary outcome of this is the replacing of the personal villain of old by a new villain in the form of a social institution working evil through human weaknesses. There are no villains in Ibsen, or Shaw, or Galsworthy, or Barker, and there are no heroes either. Very ordinary human beings replace the beings of heroic mould that once strutted on the stage. Another secondary outcome is the fall of the "star" actor since the "one-man" play was no longer the rule, and the rise of the "producer" since the realistic method of production necessary demanded a very carefully thought out *ensemble*.

The realistic method of production is partly the outcome of this introduction of the sociological play, and partly the logical conclusion of the gradual development of stage technique which has gone on for the past two centuries. A century-and-a-half ago Garrick was playing "Macbeth" in

the red tunic and riding-boots of a cavalry officer of the period. Irving pursued a minute archæological research and had scenic studies made at the actual places in Scotland for the purposes of his revival of the play in 1888. Realism at the present time has got so far as to stretch beyond what is usually understood by the term into what I may be pardoned for calling "actualism." The stage is no longer an erected platform in the midst of an assembly of spectators; rather does it pretend to be of the nature of a vision of the actual world spied through a peephole made in the wall of the theatre. It is no longer considered sufficient merely to introduce such stage properties as are necessary to the words and action intimate to the play, we expect the introduction also of such elements as in the living world about us would actually be present, however irrelevant they may be to the theme. The street in Venice where Shylock and Tubal talk must no longer be deserted but for our Jewish friends, the traffic of a busy commerce must pass them by. Cleopatra's barge must no longer be a thing of the imagination awakened by the glowing rhetoric of Enobarbus, we must spy upon the real thing. The limit of this craving for actuality was reached, perhaps, when Madame Maeterlinck produced her husband's translation of Macbeth in the grounds of their home, the ruined Abbey of St. Wandrille. Here the action was lived out by the select company of actors, and the spectators followed the actors about hiding behind bushes and in dark corners, as if actually spying upon a real tragedy.

Let us now examine this "actualism," and see what value it really has. The first and most unfortunately important outcome of it is to make the mounting of a play an enormously expensive thing. Even a play that is comparatively simple in scenic requirements is so expensive as to prevent it being a commercial success unless it has some sort of a "run,"—and to mount a play in the fashion of the Art Theatre at Moscow simply requires the services of a philanthropist. The result of this is that plays which may be great in an artistic and literary sense, owing to the limited audience to which they appeal, stand little chance of being produced at all. In the Globe Theatre in Shakespeare's time it would probably pay to produce a new play for half-a-dozen performances. Nowadays a play may be running for months to crowded houses without the manager seeing any profit. Shakespeare, were he an unknown modern playwright, would not stand a chance of getting a play accepted by a modern manager.

But even if the cost were no hindrance to this picture-stage method of production, I am not sure that it is artistic. If it

were possible for a picture to be painted so subtly that when hung on a wall it did not look like a picture, but like an actual landscape seen through a hole in the wall (of course, it is impossible owing to the focal nature of sight), it doubtless would be clever, but would it be artistic? Holman-Hunt painted flies on the office window so truly that his employer tried to flick them off with his handkerchief. Does that make him an artist? This sort of thing may be called art, but it is the art of conjuring. Painters must take the frame of the picture, and the flatness of the picture, and other limitations for granted, and compose the pictorial elements in relation to them if they are to be classed as artists, not try to humbug themselves and the public that the frame of the picture is an accident, and that the canvas is not really flat, and that the paint is not really paint. The aim of art is not pretence—however clever it may be—but suggestion. So with the theatre. I feel that this "hole in the wall" idea is so much pretence, and however clever its results may be, I doubt whether it makes for healthy or artistic drama. I believe that for a really great drama to arise again we shall have to simplify stage technique. We shall have to acknowledge, like the Greeks and the Elizabethans, that the stage is a stage—a platform of limited size set up in the middle of a gathering of onlookers, on which, by artistic utterance and gesture, with a fitting but inexpensive setting, the progressive relation of certain human souls is suggested. When necessary the soliloquy is artistic and right on such a stage. On the modern peep-show stage the soliloquy is, of course, ludicrous. Other serious results follow on the adoption of the "picture" stage, but we have no space here to deal with all the issues. I do not plead for a revival either of the Greek conditions of production, or of the Elizabethan; we must evolve an artistic stage of our own in relation to twentieth century ideas. The present "sham-actual" stage is *not* of the twentieth century, it belongs to the nineteenth.

Tentative attempts at a simplification of stage-setting have been made, especially in Germany, but still retaining the actualistic idea. A Shakespearean stage for instance has been evolved, where the front half of the stage is occupied by a "set" which remains during the whole play, and is usually of the nature of built up architecture; for instance, Roman columns, arches, etc., would occupy the foreground for "Julius Cæsar"; and the background is adapted to the requirements of the particular scenes. This plan certainly gives a unity to the production, prevents long inter-act waits, and avoids the disturbing mental effect caused by a violent

change of setting; but since it still clings to the idea of creating an illusion (not the suggestion) of actuality, it encounters difficulties when the fixed foreground becomes incongruous with the back setting. To continue with "Julius Cæsar" for illustration, it is quite possible to make fixed Roman columns and arches that will serve as an integral part of such scenes as "a street in Rome," the "Senate House," and even the "Orchard of Brutus's House," but the "Plains of Philippi" disturb the illusion when seen through the familiar Roman arches.

This extreme realistic movement, although I do not think the artistic salvation of the stage lies in it, has however done very good service in clearing away the mass of theatrical trickery which gradually cumbered productions from the Restoration onwards. Lighting for instance is beginning to be understood. Footlights are gradually being discarded for more natural lighting—and the discarding of footlights does away to a large extent with the extravagant face make-up that was necessary in order to counteract the strong shadows cast upwards on the face. These points may seem trivial, but in reality they are important, because they tend to change the type of person called an "actor." He becomes more of an ordinary human being. Realistic acting also forbids the stage-strutting, posturing, and general "playing-to-the-house" that converts our actors, and especially our actresses, into sham human beings both on and off the stage. Realistic drama has also ousted much of the sickly sentimentality that was rampant on the 19th century stage; in fact, one of the most strenuous realists, Bernard Shaw, wrote his "Arms and the Man" with the express purpose of killing off the stage-soldier-hero, and an act of "John Bull's Other Island" is mainly given up to doing the same service for the stage-Irishman. We have much to thank the realists for, but artistically realism in itself leads nowhere.

It has been impossible in the space at my disposal to do more than touch on the fringe of one line of recent developments of the theatre, but perhaps by the kindness of the Editor I may be permitted in some future number to continue the subject, if any interest in the College calls for it.

J.S.



## THE COLLEGE CLOCK. ❧ ❧

v v v

There's naught can shock  
The solemn old clock,  
As he ticks in the College hall;  
Though nought can pass  
'Neath his dusty glass,  
But he knows and sees it all (Poor chap!)  
Yes, knows and sees it all.

If truth be told,  
He is growing old,  
And it must be a tedious bore  
To gaze for aye  
On the self-same play  
He has seen so oft before (Gay dog!)  
So very, very oft before.

The play that's played  
By a man and maid,  
Just the two—no others needing.  
—An oft-told tale  
Very soon grows stale,  
So he now ticks on unheeding (Yes!)  
He ticks, ticks on unheeding.

And yet in truth,  
His cogs, in youth,  
Oft would move in a different fashion;  
And oft too quick  
He would tick his tick  
Through a sympathetic passion. (Sh!)  
—A sympathetic passion.

But now the sigh,  
And the long "Good-bye,"  
Do not touch his spring as of yore;  
Blasé and old,  
He is staid and cold,  
He has seen all the game before (Tick, tock!)  
Yes, played, played out before,

## SIBELLA AND THE CELIBATES.

+ + +

## ACT I.

*Room in the Honourable Guy Elliott's Chambers. The Hon. Guy, Arthur Vernon, Sir Hubert FitzJohn, Prof. Balderton and Mark Somers, discovered seated.*

ELLIOTT: Well, gentlemen, you've elected me Chairman of our Club, The Celibates, because, as you say, I have shown myself the most typical bachelor of the lot. That's as may be, but as you are so pressing. I will take it on. I'm much obliged to you for the honour, and hope I shall prove worthy of it, and that, indeed, you will all stand as firm as I shall do to the vow we have taken this evening,—to live our lives in single blessedness, or, if any one of us falls from the bachelor's faith, and enters into an engagement to marry, he is to give twenty guineas to a charity, to be chosen by the other members. We are to meet monthly at my rooms in a social way to compare notes, experiences, etc., though I hope before long our society will become so large, that we shall have to get a bigger meeting place. However, though we may remain a little phalanx, I hope each one here will ever stand firm against the attractions of woman, let the vow be to him as a coat of mail against the darts of Dan Cupid, and that we may prove that a man can plough his furrow alone without aid from the other sex, in a much better fashion than when he has put himself under the matrimonial yoke (hear, hear).

VERNON: I'm sure, we couldn't have a better President. He makes one feel quite enthusiastic in the cause. As for me, there's little fear that I shall break the vow. My experience with woman has been of too unfortunate a character to tempt me to try any more experiments. Three times have I fallen a victim to the eternal feminine, and three times have my affections been trifled with. When I put the question to the first, she started back as if she had been struck by a bolt from the blue. She had always thought, she said, that my attentions were purely platonic. She had enjoyed my conversation very much, and wouldn't like to lose my company altogether, but I hadn't touched her heart,—*that* was reserved for another man. Who was he? I asked fiercely. She would not tell. I went away, gnashing my teeth. Three weeks later she became engaged to a captain just returned from the war. Plato had to retire at the approach of Mars. The second damsel on whom I set my affections seemed to like me well enough, and I

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flattered myself I was making very satisfactory progress, when I happened to tell her one day what my income was. Oh! what a falling off was there! She shrugged her shoulders, said it was a pity, but she was no fit mate for poverty. I appealed to her better self, but it was of no avail. She was sorry, but we must part. 'Twas better so. If I came again when I had made a position—

ELLIOTT: And you went?

VERNON: No, I might have done so—I was fool enough; but shortly after, No. 3 came along. Now, I thought, at last I have found the true queen of my heart. Everything went on in idyllic fashion, and wedding bells seemed to jingle in the distance, when, through the medium of some kind friend, episodes one and two came to her knowledge. She accused me of fickleness. I explained. She wept. Her idol was shattered, she cried. She never, never, could marry anyone if she was not his first love. Remonstrance was useless. We parted, sadly. Since then I have determined to have no more dealings with the sex. Very, very willingly, do I take the vow of The Celibates.

THE OTHERS: Poor fellow!

FITZJOHN: Cruel woman! My trouble is of quite another kind. I take the vow as a sort of protection. As you know, I have a good income, an old title, and am, ah—well—not at all bad looking, (THE OTHERS: Certainly not) and the consequence is that I am too much run after by the fair sex, and if I don't mind I shall be getting my neck into the halter some fine day, before I know where I am. I really cannot be too careful.

ELLIOTT: Oh! we'll take care of you, never fear (*turning to the others*) won't we?

THE OTHERS: Certainly.

ELLIOTT: But the Professor seems to have something to say.

BALDERTON: I only wanted to say that I joined the Club on the good old principle that no man can serve two masters, or in this case, to be more correct, two mistresses. Long ago, in fact, as soon as I began to think at all, I decided that science should be my mistress, and she will brook no rivals in the hearts of her devotees. The single eye and heart, and the clear head—these I *must* have in the researches on which I am engaged, and experience in the case of others has shown me that for the great workers in all the higher realms of thought and research, a state of celibacy is the best.

ELLIOTT: And what are your views, Somers? though I think we know them pretty well.

SOMERS: Oh! I never did believe in romance, heart speaking to heart; two hearts that beat as one; affinities; and all that sort of thing. Cant. pure cant, I call it. I've neither had disappointments, like Vernon there—though he looks very well under it all—nor am I so attractive, in either appearance or estate, as our friend Sir Hubert, nor am I devoted to science, or art, or learning of any kind, like the Professor, but from what I know of women they are a feeble minded, frivolous, inconsistent, lot, and from what I know of lovers, that is men lovers, well they are the most sapless fellows one can come across. They lose all their clubability, and become as feminine as the women they adore. I don't believe in women, and I don't believe in love. That's why I join The Celibates.

ELLIOTT: Really, gentlemen, I think Somers ought to be Chairman. He seems to go farther than any of us in his dislike for the sex. But I hear a ring (*hurries to the door*). (*Returning*) Gentlemen, I am very sorry, but I think you'd better go.

SOMERS: That's straight, anyway.

ELLIOTT: You see, it's my sister from the country. She will see me, and I don't suppose you want to see her.

THE OTHERS: Certainly not (*they all hurry out saying*)—"Good-night."

## ACT II.

(*Public Park—Professor Balderton discovered, soliloquising*):

BALDERTON: At last, at last—I've discovered it. After all this labour and trouble and experiment, I've discovered it. Who knows what shall come as the fruit of my research? I shall be regarded as a benefactor to the human race, and my name shall be mixed with those of the immortals—Bacon, Newton, Harvey, Darwin, Lister. Balderton. All my failures and disappointments seem nothing to me now. I shall tell the tale of my discovery before the Association at their meeting next week. I can fancy myself now, standing before them all. The chairman will ask leave for Professor Balderton to make a statement with regard to an important discovery. All eyes will be turned on me; stepping forward I shall begin: Dear one, be mine—Oh, what am I thinking about. That woman! that woman! I can't get her out of my head. I

shall bungle the thing after all, if I am not careful. Oh, that woman! that woman! Why did I ever discover *her*? (*walks off rubbing his hands*).

(*Enter VERNON and JOHNSON talking—stopping as they get to the centre*).

VERNON: (*Speaking in excited fashion*). I can keep it in no longer. I'm madly in love with that woman, Johnson, but I'm so nervous I don't know how to approach her. I've had so many failures before that I don't want to court another, but I *must*, yes I *must* let her know somehow. I can't live without her, that's a fact; and I fancy she—but then *that's* only a surmise, and I might be mistaken, and it's a terrible thing to be mistaken in these matters, Johnson. Of course, things went very smoothly for *you*, and you don't know what it's like to be disappointed, but I do, and I don't want to go through the same experience again—that's a fact—and then there's the vow. Dear me! I was almost forgetting that. Oh, that foolish vow!

JOHNSON: What are you talking about, Vernon? (*aside*) The man's mad.

VERNON: Oh, I forgot. You know nothing about it. Well, I'll tell you, but don't let it go any further. A few of us have formed a club, called The Celibates, and taken a vow not to marry.

JOHNSON: Silly fellows!

VERNON: I begin to think so, but I didn't at the time.

JOHNSON: But still, I suppose your honour's at stake?

VERNON: Well, I never dreamt I should fall in love again.

JOHNSON. Ha! ha! I'm sorry for you, Vernon.

VERNON: Oh, dear! oh, dear! I suppose I must stick to it—unless, indeed, I like to give twenty guineas to a charity.

JOHNSON: Is that the penalty for breaking the vow?

VERNON: Yes.

JOHNSON: Then pay the money, man—pay the money! What's twenty guineas compared with a good wife. What says the Scripture: "Whoso findeth a good wife findeth a good thing." But, then, be sure of the woman first. I shouldn't tell the others till the thing was settled. I'll keep close. Courage, man (*patting him on the back*). "Faint heart"—you know the rest.

VERNON: You've given me new courage, Johnson. I'll tackle her without delay.

JOHNSON: That's a brave fellow; go in and win. We shall see you a happy Benedick yet. (*They shake hands and part.*)

(*Enter SOMERS—soliloquising.*)

SOMERS: What would they say if they knew. Oh, to think of it! Somers the cynic, the scoffer, the pessimist, the woman-hater, who thought all romance was cant, all affection humbug, to fall a victim to what he had always jeered at! But my eyes have been opened, and light has dawned upon me. When I said that I didn't believe in woman, and I didn't believe in love, I'd never met *her*, and I'd never felt like *this*. I spoke superficially, without knowledge, didn't know what I was talking about, but I feel terribly guilty all the same. Oh, that silly vow! But fate and the woman have come, and the vow will have to go—that is, if she'll have me. Anyhow, I'll let her know how I feel. I'll send some verses off at once without delay. Let me see if they'll do (*scanning papers he holds in his hand*). Oh, they're not at bad:—

No more my own, my heart is in thy keeping;  
No more my own, my life is at thy call.  
In hours of waking, or in hours of sleeping;  
Thou art my all in all.

I love thee, sweet, I, late at love a scoffer;  
I love thee, sweet, stricken by Cupid's dart.  
Thrilled by thy glance, to be thy knight I offer,  
Choosing no other part.

Oh, be not wroth, nor spurn me from thy presence;  
Oh, be not wroth, nor kill me with a frown,  
And I will plead with ardour and incessance,  
Battering thy halting down.

Till thou shalt say, "The boon the pleading follows;"  
Till thou shalt say, "We two shall be as one,  
Together wait the coming of the shadows,  
Together greet the sun."

No more my own, my heart is in thy keeping;  
No more my own, my life is at thy call;  
In hours of waking, or in hours of sleeping,  
Thou are my all in all.

Yes, I think they'll do. Upon my word, I wouldn't have made a bad Poet Laureate. Let me see, the post office is round the corner. It shall go off at once, and she'll get it to-day. (*Hurries off.*)



(Enter SIR HUBERT.)

SIR HUBERT: I'll sit down here. (*Sits down on one of the Park seats. Soliloquises with chin resting on stick.*) Oh, dear, how that woman haunts me. I can't get her out of my head. Hang it all, she seems so indifferent, too. Evidently I don't impress her very much. I never met a woman before who was so little affected by my attractions. Generally *they* follow *me*, but it strikes me it's a case of *me* following *her*. She won't even turn her eyebrows in my direction. Surely, I can't be in love with the woman. Pooh, pooh! But still she'd make a capital Lady Hubert. How well her portrait would look amongst the family canvases at the Hall. Really, the more indifferent she is the more infatuated I seem to become. She treats me as if I were the veriest nobody, instead of—well, who I am. Really, I'd no idea I could be so gone on anybody, man or woman. She usually passes this way about this time. It looks silly sitting here like this; but what can a fellow do, and I *must* see her—I *must* see her. Ah! there she is. I'll catch up to her. (*Smartening himself up, he hurries off.*)

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### ACT III.

*Room in Sibella Walkinghame's home. Sibella and Elliott in conversation.*

ELLIOTT: Oh, I'm the happiest man alive, Sibella, since you've said the word, but, all the same, it means twenty guineas out of my pocket.

SIBELLA: How so?

ELLIOTT: Well, you see, I'm chairman of a club called The Celibates, and we've all made a vow never to get engaged, or else to pay twenty guineas to a charity. I was made chairman because I was considered the most obdurate bachelor of the lot.

SIBELLA: That was before you met *me*.

ELLIOTT: Yes, and now I've broken the vow. Can you marry a vow-breaker?

SIBELLA: Well, as you've broken it for me, I forgive you. But if it were anybody else—

ELLIOTT: Well?

SIBELLA: I should say, stick to your vow.

ELLIOTT: Circumstances alter cases, don't they?

SIBELLA: Particularly circumstances like me.

ELLIOTT: Oh, you're unique, Sibella.

SIBELLA: You're a flatterer, I'm afraid.

ELLIOTT: Not I. Who'd be a bachelor if all women were like Sibella?

ELLIOTT: But tastes differ, you know.

ELLIOTT: Oh, I suppose so. *Chacun à son gout*—"Everybody has the gout," as the schoolboy translated it. But I've no reason to complain. You know, I think this matter of matrimony, though difficult, is yet simple. It's a case of finding one's affinity. Of course everyone can't do that.

SIBELLA: Perhaps everyone hasn't got an affinity.

ELLIOTT: Two months ago I thought my affinity was not yet born, and she'd seen twenty-five summers at that time.

SIBELLA: And I had almost made a vow of spinsterhood.

ELLIOTT: Well, its turned out all right, as it happens. Let's be thankful for it. It may be hard sometimes to find one's affinity, but happy is he that finds it. If he cannot, he'd better remain a bachelor.

SIBELLA: And it's the same with women too.

ELLIOTT: Of course. The sad thing is when a man thinks he's found his affinity, and she is of an opposite opinion.

SIBELLA: I suppose there are many such cases, and I think the only duty of a woman then, however hard it may be, is to decline with thanks.

ELLIOTT: I agree, and men, somehow, have a way of getting over these things very quickly.

SIBELLA: I fancy women are of a different make.

ELLIOTT: Yes, and they find more pathos in the might-have-been.

SIBELLA: You seem to have an intimate knowledge of woman's feelings, in spite of your long course of woman-hating.

ELLIOTT: Oh, I've softened wonderfully towards them lately.

SIBELLA: How long?

ELLIOTT: A month or so—

SIBELLA: Why you only met *me*—

ELLIOTT: It was then that the softening process came on, and since—

SIBELLA: Well?

ELLIOTT: Since then I love them all for your sake.

SIBELLA: Well, I suppose we should love all men and all women.

ELLIOTT: Yes, we should love them all because they are our brothers and sisters, but then we should only marry our affinity, and there is only one affinity for anybody.

SIBELLA: The theory seems all right, but in practice—

ELLIOTT: What about the practice?

SIBELLA: Well, the affinities often get astray.

ELLIOTT: I am afraid they do.

SIBELLA: And then there's not much happiness.

ELLIOTT: No, it's a case of muddling through,—making the best of it.

SIBELLA: I am afraid we are getting rather out of our depth.

ELLIOTT: I fancy so, but there's one thing I'd like to know, and I must be going soon.

SIBELLA: What's that?

ELLIOTT: Has anybody ever mistaken *you* for his affinity?

SIBELLA: Oh! yes, quite a number,—in fact there seems to have been quite an epidemic lately, though I say it that shouldn't.

ELLIOTT: I'm not surprised, but who are they? Anyone I know?

SIBELLA: I think you do, but it's hardly fair to tell.

ELLIOTT: I shall be getting jealous if you don't. Come, Sibella, let me know, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

SIBELLA: In the first place, if you must know, there was the poetic Somers.

ELLIOTT: What, Mark Somers?

SIBELLA: Yes.

ELLIOTT: (*Aside*) Well I never! (*Aloud*) Go on.

SIBELLA: Then there was Sir Hubert FitzJohn. He thought he'd only to say the word, and I'd never dream of answering "No." In fact, he had his carriage waiting at the door.

ELLIOTT: FitzJohn! Well, anybody else?

SIBELLA: Oh! yes, there was Professor Balderton.

ELLIOTT: Well, of all the —— Anybody else?

SIBELLA: Oh! yes—there was just another.

ELLIOTT: Quick, quick, who's the other.

SIBELLA: Arthur Vernon.

ELLIOTT: Oh! Sibella. (*Bursts out laughing.*) Oh! it's really too funny. Why, Sibella. Ho! ho!

SIBELLA: What's the man laughing at. You might let me into the joke.

ELLIOTT: Ho! ho! It's too rich for anything.

SIBELLA: Really, Guy, if you won't tell me what has caused your amusement, I'll ask you to go out and laugh it over with yourself.

ELLIOTT: You've been and gone and done it, Sibella. Have all these proposed to you?

SIBELLA: Yes.

ELLIOTT: And what did you do?

SIBELLA: What a question!

ELLIOTT: Declined with thanks, I presume. Well, you've captured all our hearts, Sibella.

SIBELLA: All who?

ELLIOTT: Why, The Celibates.

SIBELLA: What, the Club?

ELLIOTT: Yes, the Club.

SIBELLA: Well, I'm sure I never dreamt——

ELLIOTT. (*laughing*) Ho! ho! ho! I shall die with laughing. What a *united, determined* Club we were, till the Sibella microbe came along.

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#### ACT IV.

(*Same place as in Scene I. Elliott, Vernon, FitzJohn, Somers and Professor Balderton seated.*)

ELLIOTT: Good morning, gentlemen, good morning (*rising*) I suppose you wonder why I called this meeting of the Club so suddenly, out of the ordinary course. Well, something I've

important to say, and I thought I might as well get it over at once. The fact of the matter is, gentlemen, you will have to get a new President.

THE OTHERS: Oh, how's that?

ELLIOTT: Well, you know the vow we made and the penalty attached to its breaking. I'm sorry to say—sorry in one sense, that is—that I cannot keep the vow, and will therefore have to pay the penalty. In fact, I've broken it already.

VERNON: What! you're not thinking of getting married?

ELLIOTT: Yes, I am. The fact is, I'm engaged.

BALDERTON: This is indeed sudden.

ELLIOTT: You see, gentlemen, when I made that vow I'd had comparatively little to do with the fair sex, and I had no difficulty about the matter. I thought that having gone through so many years untouched by the tender passion, I would easily be able to continue in the single state. You considered me a model bachelor; that's why you made me President; but since then I've found it was all a mistake; in fact, I've discovered my affinity.

SOMERS (*sneeringly*): His affinity! The idea! I'm surprised!

VERNON: Well, I never.

ELLIOTT: Yes, I've found a woman whom I can—(*hesitatingly*)—well—well—that I love, and the fact is I'm engaged to marry her, and must sever my connexion with this club. I'm very sorry to have to do so. We've had some pleasant evenings together. You are not a bad lot at all—that is, for bachelors—and I hope we shall still be friends, but I cannot be a member any longer.

VERNON: I suppose the thing's settled?

ELLIOTT: Yes, its settled.

BALDERTON: You must pay the fine.

VERNON: Yes, he must pay the fine.

ELLIOTT: Oh, I'll pay the fine with pleasure. I suppose the rest of you are all determined to stick to the vow.

THE OTHERS: Oh, certainly.

SOMERS: What do you take us for?

PROFESSOR: Yes, science and celibacy for me.

SOMERS: There shall be no turning back with me.

VERNON: Ha! ha! Thrice bitten, shy for ever.

FITZJOHN: Yes, we'll all stick to the vow.

ELLIOTT: Well, I'm glad you've kept so firm, and are still determined to do so. I suppose I'm made of weaker stuff than you, but I hope you'll forgive me. I admire your fidelity to the cause, though I'm deserting it.

SOMERS: Oh, we are sorry to lose you, and there's no ill-feeling. We wish you such happiness as is possible in the state upon which you intend to enter.

BALDERTON: Certainly.

VERNON: I can sympathise with you. I've been almost in the same boat myself, but I hope your experience will be happier.

SOMERS: Still, I thought the President would hold fast, if only as an example to us.

ELLIOTT: Well, I tried my best, but it was no use, gentlemen.

SOMERS: By the by, Elliott, you might tell us the name of the lady.

VERNON: Yes, let's hear the name of the damsel who has captured your heart.

ELLIOTT: Well, gentlemen, I suppose you'll have to know. The fact of the matter is, I've been telling her of the Club, and she was quite interested in it. Indeed, she'd like to be introduced to the members.

VERNON: Well, I'm sure we'd be glad to see her, though she's taking you away.

ELLIOTT: And I've taken the liberty of suggesting she might call in—*(Ring)*—and I do believe that will be she.

*(Enter PAGE BOY.)*

PAGE: A lady to see you, sir.

ELLIOTT: Show her in.

*(Enter SIBELLA. ELLIOTT takes her by the hand and leads her forward. The others rise and start back into various attitudes.)*

VERNON *(aside)*: Sibella, as I'm a Briton!

PROFESSOR *(aside)*: Dear me, this is very strange.

SOMERS *(aside)*: Oh! I hope he hasn't seen that poetry.

FITZJOHN *(aside)*: Sibella Walkinghame! I shall die of mortification.

ELLIOTT: These gentlemen, Sibella, are the Celibates; this lady, gentlemen, is Miss Sibella Walkinghame, to whom I am engaged.

SIBELLA: I'm pleased to meet you, gentlemen.

*(They all appear disturbed and discomfitted.)*

ELLIOTT: This, gentlemen, is strange behaviour, even for a club of woman-haters. What's the matter?

SOMERS: Hang it all, Elliott, I asked her, and she wouldn't have me; but I suppose you knew all the time.

BALDERTON: And I wanted her, too.

VERNON: And I.

FITZJOHN: And I.

ELLIOTT: Well, she obviously couldn't marry you all, gentlemen.

SIBELLA: And I hope you have no illfeeling towards me. You know, some of you *must* have been mistaken, and, as Guy says, I could'nt marry each one of you, could I.

VERNON: I suppose not.

PROFESSOR: That's true enough.

SOMERS: Ob; that I'd been firm.

SIBELLA: But I'm doing the best thing I can.

VERNON: Well, what's that?

SIBELLA: I'm going to marry the Club, through its President.

VERNON: Well, its no use being sad over the matter.

BALDERTON: No, and I think its taught us a lesson,—a lesson against foolish vows, and I think, in view of what has happened, it would be better to dissolve the Club.

VERNON: I think so too. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and I might be luckier another time. Besides, we've already broken the vow morally.

SOMERS: Certainly!

FITZJOHN: Yes, it's been rather a farce.

ELLIOTT: The Club is then, I take it, dissolved by mutual consent. Are you all agreed?

*(The others shout "Agreed.")*

SIBELLA: *(Standing beside ELLIOTT and bowing to the others),* And may Heaven send you your affinities.

## STRENUIS ARDUA CEDUNT. ❧ ❧ ❧

College Song. By Dr. Alex. Hill.

\* \* \*

Strenuis, strenuis  
 Beavis and Ascupart!  
 Ardua cedunt, to  
 Men of high heart.  
 Strenuis ardua cedunt!

Southampton heroes! You  
 Still are our cynosure;  
 Mighty in sword play, of  
 Faith strong and pure.

Blows to give, blows to take!  
 Life still is much the same.  
 Face it like Beavis—Keep  
 Playing the game!

Dragons or terminals!  
 Maidens or marks to win!  
 Paynims enslaved you. Ex-  
 Aminers spin.

Play the game! Play the game!  
 Leather or Latin prose!  
 Play up, old Hartley. 'Tis  
 This way life goes.

Goes to a merry tune!  
 Hero or undergrad!  
 Only to end too soon!  
 Play up like mad.  
 Strenuis ardua cedunt.



## SOME EXPERIENCES IN ROUMANIA.

♦     ♦     ♦

DURING a stay of a few months in Roumania I had the opportunity of noting peculiarities in the manners and customs of the people, some account of which may be of interest to those who have not visited the country.

In Roumania superstitions which have long been discarded in Western Europe still retain a strong hold over the minds of the people. Witchcraft and magic are as prevalent there at the present day as they were in this country in the middle ages. No Roumanian village is complete without its witch, and in all his domestic troubles, such as the sickness of a cow, or the loss of some object of value, the peasants seeks her aid.

It was in peculiar circumstances that I myself made an expedition to seek advice of the wise woman of Albesti, the little village where I was staying. My visit was drawing to a close, and the only thing that stood in the way of my departure was the non-arrival of money-supplies, which were to have been sent to me from England. For some reason, which I could not divine, the money I expected either had not been dispatched, or was delayed on the way. Time was pressing, as I had an appointment to keep in Vienna within a few days. In my quandary I consulted the peasant in whose house I was staying.

"Doamne fireste!" he replied,—in other words "God bless us and save us!"—"We must go to the witch who lives up the hill, and ask her what has happened to the money."—

As it had been raining for six weeks on end, the country was in a state of flood, and in order to get to the witch's hovel it was necessary to cross a swollen stream, and then to wade through a broad stretch of mud, which under normal conditions was the witch's cabbage-garden. The difficulties of the journey having been successfully surmounted, we found ourselves eventually inside the hut. The single room was shrouded in darkness, a low fire smouldered in the open hearth, and before it sat a black cat, the inevitable companion of the witch's art. In a far corner sat the witch herself, muttering incantations in an unknown tongue. My companion, obviously a frequent visitor, stated briefly the object of our coming. The witch listened gravely, and at the close of his explanation took down from a nail on the wall a polished board and a small bag

containing Indian corn. She counted out eighty-two grains of the corn, and arranged them by twos in various positions on the board, then re-arranging them so that certain groups remained isolated from the others. Having completed this operation she sat for some minutes wrapt in thought. At last she delivered her judgement—

"Money is coming, a great deal of it, but where ever it is at the present moment it is lying stationary. But it is coming—coming soon."

With this pronouncement I had to content myself, but though brief and somewhat vague it turned out to be true. The very next morning I received a notification from a bank at Bucharest, to the effect that the money had been sent there for me, and was awaiting my call.

The primitive character of the Roumanian peasant is further illustrated by his attitude towards strangers—an attitude of curiosity mingled with distrust. On my first arrival at Albesti, the villagers used to visit daily the peasant with whom I was lodging, and, relying apparently on my presumed ignorance of their language, bombarded him with questions concerning myself of the most personal kind, "How old is he?" "Are his parents alive or dead?" "How much money has he got?"—and, having noticed that I was in the habit of walking about bare-headed—"Has he lost his father, or his mother, or his brother, or his sister?"—For going without a hat is a sign of mourning amongst the Roumanians.

The main object of my visit to the country was to study the dialect at first hand from the natives. The particular dialectal feature that I was investigating was best preserved among the old illiterate people, and especially the women of this class. But the difficulty was, first, to get them to talk at all to me because of their distrust of strangers, and then to ensure that what I got from them was the pure vernacular and not on artificial pronunciation arising from a desire to speak in a more cultivated fashion to a foreigner.

I had prepared a list of a hundred questions, the natural answer to each of which involved the use of some particular word I wished to hear them pronounce. On several occasions when I put my questions they showed reluctance to answer, and I had to tax my ingenuity in order to elicit the information I required. Thus in the village of Domnesti, in Muscel, I had got into conversation with one of the oldest women in the countryside, and was putting my questions and getting satisfactory answers, when I had to postpone further operations owing to an engagement with the local schoolmaster.

When I enquired for her again, however, I learnt that she had taken fright owing to some impression on her part that I was a magician who intended to cast a spell upon her, or a judge come to punish her for her misdeeds. This experience suggested to me a device whereby I might get my answers without appearing personally upon the scene. My future plan was to get the village schoolmaster to carry on the questioning while I lay concealed in the vicinity taking note of the answers he received.

The domestic habits of the peasants are also very primitive. Their main food consists of a sort of batter called *mamaliga*, made of ground Indian corn. Water is boiled in a huge cauldron, and when it is boiling handfuls of meal are thrown in. The meal is allowed to cook for a certain time without being stirred. When the water has been absorbed by the meal, and a stodgy batter has been produced, a three-legged stool is turned upside-down and the cauldron rested upon the upturned legs. A skilled man or woman is then requisitioned to stir the batter with a stick, the art being to stir in such a way that the whole is well mixed and none falls to the ground. The cauldron is then turned upside down on the middle of the low table off which the meal is to be eaten, and the result appears as a huge steaming batter pudding, which is then divided up into slices with a piece of thread. The poorer peasants eat the *mamaliga* as their staple food, and the better-to-do eat it with a sort of soup made of dried beans. They get round the small table afore-mentioned, which in height does not exceed a foot from the ground, and dipping the batter into the soup, eat it with their fingers, swearing as a rule the while, the men by the devil, the women by the devil's wife. When the meal is finished the table is overturned, and after the dogs have taken what they want the remnants are swept up from the floor.

Every Roumanian peasant has at least one dog, usually half starved—a condition which induces a tendency on the dog's part to supplement his scanty fare from the nether limbs of the community at large. On the first day of my stay in Albesti, as I was making my way to a neighbouring river for my morning bath, I suddenly felt a sharp pain in the back of my leg. Turning round I saw a large-sized mongrel gnawing away at it with avidity. With some difficulty, I kicked the brute off, and he retired to a house in the vicinity. I learnt on my return that every Roumanian peasant carries with him a stick, or in any case is always ready to pick up a stone as a protection against the unwelcome attentions of curs belonging to other villagers, that he may encounter in his walks. The

practical purpose that these dogs are intended to serve is to keep off the numerous wolves that infest the forests and descend upon the villages after the return of the cattle from the mountains in the late autumn.

The period of my stay in Roumania was a little too short to enable me to witness the decent of the wolves on the plain, but I was fortunate enough to have the opportunity of joining in a bear-hunt. We set out at four o'clock in the morning, and walked for an hour and a half to the place of rendezvous. On arriving there we were met by a numerous body of peasants, who had been engaged to act as beaters, and forthwith set out on our expedition. We hunted without success for the greater part of the day, though the magnificent scenery which surrounded us on all hands, and the vigorous walking and climbing exercise which, as the only unmounted member of the shooting-party, I had to perform, were to me almost a sufficient compensation for the lack of sport. At last, however, when we were patiently crouching at the end of a deep ravine, we heard the sound of the beaters approaching, and after a short interval, a light sound as of some padded foot moving cautiously over the dried leaves became audible to the more experienced members of our company. It was the bear, who quickly appeared in sight to the nearest gun. The latter immediately fired, making a hole in the brute's tail, but failing to stop his progress. The shot of the next gun then rang out, and an instant later the bear was rolling to the foot of the ravine, where it came to rest a lifeless mass.



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## A COLLEGE ALPHABET.

\* \* \*

**A** STANDS for A———e,  
 So blasé, you know,  
 He thinks life a burden  
 And lekkers too slow.  
 A  
 Is for A———e, I say.

**B** stands for B———r,  
 The Bantam o' Taunton.  
 Though small, he's the courage  
 To take a Ben Caunt on.  
 Be  
 Is for B———r, you see.

**C** stands for C———l,  
 Our Cap. at lawn tennis.  
 There's none with faults fewer  
 From Docks to St. Denys.  
 Ce  
 Is for C———l, you see.

**D** stands for D———e,  
 A whale upon rocks,  
 A crack upon fissures  
 And earthquakes and shocks.  
 De  
 Is for D———e, you see.

**E** stands for England,  
 Your country and mine.  
 Don't let us disgrace her,  
 But help her to shine.  
 E  
 Is for England you see.

**F** stands for Field-Day,  
 When Terriers unite,  
 To go through their paces  
 And learn how to fight.  
 Ef  
 Is for Field-Day, *en bref*.

**G** stands for G———r,  
 Who thinks with his boots,  
 A marvel for passes  
 And dribbles and shoots.  
 Ge  
 Is for G———r, you see.

**H** stand for H———s,  
 Who a bear's skin did tie on,  
 And then he pretended  
 That he was a lion.  
 Ait-  
 Ch is for H———s. He's great!

**I** stands for Ireland.  
 Shall we give her Home Rule?  
 "Hurrah!" cries John Redmond,  
 Shouts Carson: "You fool!"  
 I  
 Is for Ireland. Wigs fly!

**J** stands for J———s, who's  
 Our Sec. at Debates.  
 He crows all opponents  
 Whene'er he orates.  
 Jay  
 Is for J———s, as I say.

**K** stands for K———n,  
 So skillful to paint  
 A picture quite classic,  
 Or comic and quaint.  
 Kay  
 Is for K———n, I say.

**L** stands for L———e, who  
 For all the old ways  
 In Church and religion  
 Has nothing but praise.  
 El  
 Is for L———e, truth to tell.



**M** stands for M———d, who's  
 The Cap. of Coll. cricket,  
 A don at defending—  
 Or taking, a wicket.  
     Em  
     Is for M———d. Make a mem.

**N** stands for N———r,  
 Who on the left wing  
 Rushes straight for the goal line,  
 Then shoots with a sting.  
     En  
     Is for N———r, ye ken.

**O** stands for Ovum,  
 From which all life springs—  
 From microbes to magnates,  
 From cabbies to kings.  
     O  
     Is for Ovum, you know.

**P** stands for P———r  
 Whose voice strong and deep  
 Is enough to awaken  
 The dead from their sleep.  
     Pe  
     Is for P———r, you see.

**Q** stands for Quarrels  
 From tempers that rise,  
 And lead up to fighting  
 And blacking of eyes.  
     Kew  
     Is for Quarrels. Eschew.

**R** stands for R———y  
 Whom O.S.'s bless  
 For working the Re-U.  
 With such great success.  
     Ar  
     Is for R———y, nicht wahr?

**S** for the great S———s —  
 And — G———n duet,  
 In their famous display  
 À la mode Suffragette.  
 Es  
 S———s—and—G———n, I guess.

**T** stands for T———y,  
 The Sec. of Sci. Soc.  
 If you smashed every timepiece,  
 He'd know what's o'clock.  
 Tee  
 Is for T———y, you see.

**U** stands for 'Ugh, though  
 'Lord Hugh's' more polite.  
 To worry the Rads. is  
 His dearest delight.  
 U  
 Is for 'Ugh, a true blue.

**V** 's for Vacation,  
 Hurrah! for it's here!  
 Still let's give the session  
 That's ended a cheer.  
 Ve  
 For Vacation, you see.

**W**'s for W———d, who's  
 Got plenty of pluck;  
 He can box—like an angel,  
 And swim like a duck.  
 Double-you  
 For W———d. Does he trouble  
 you?

**X** stands for Xerxes,  
 The great Persian King  
 When beaten he flew like  
 A bird on the wing.  
 Ex  
 Is for Xerxes the Rex.

**Y** stands for Yorkshire,  
The broad-acred shire  
There's only one county  
That I would rank higher.  
Wy  
Is for Yorkshire, say I.

**Z** stands for Zoo, where  
The lions do roar—  
Not after their dinner  
But shortly before.  
Zed  
Is for Zoo—Oh! my head!

It's not been bad fun,  
But I'm glad it's all done.





THAT programmes are still for sale.

---

THAT *John* found it convenient to change digs, and  
"futching" is now at a discount.

---

THAT the Bargate still stands in spite of Mr. MacDonald's  
speed.

---

THAT Tommy fell out of the window.

---

THAT Mr. Price expects a lecturership at Hull.

---

THAT moustaches are an aid to discipline.

---

THAT Mr. Tickle has spent the money he hoped to get from  
an exhibition.

---

THAT Pudden has cleaned his pipe.

---

THAT Miss Tidman is learning German.

THAT Bill is still asking "Do you know the Strand in London"?

THAT all is peace and joy.

THAT Mr. Kay should "get a jerk on."



"TO BE CONTINUED." ❧ ❧

▼ ▼ ▼

We shared our 'bines and baccy, shared our books, our buns  
our tin,  
One bench in lab. and lecture, one joke, one laugh, one  
grin,  
We smiled one smile in concert when the world held nought  
but fun,  
We shared one sacred silence when the joy of life seemed  
gone.

Though Coll's. great days are done, old man, we will not  
write "The end."  
Upon their record rather hold, the years shall bring the trend,  
The turn of Time and Tide that shall unite us once again.  
We'll trust this shall be, must be; though—who one earth  
knows when?

"Good-bye, old man! shake hands once more. You'll write  
me bye-and-bye?  
How beastly late this train is. Don't you wait. Ta-ta!  
Good-bye!

## CHEMISTRY AS THE HANDMAIDEN OF REVENGE.

For Scientific Readers only.

\* \* \*

THERE are moments when even the best among us are seized with an intense desire for revenge, and a fiendish-like craving to harm a fellow-creature. Many of us, too, have felt at such times that the ordinary methods of injury are inadequate. The soul hungers after a new sensation, some stupendous scheme or tortuous and agonising device for exterminating a hated rival or temporarily disabling an enthusiastic and punctual lecturer.

It is to such sufferers that these few suggestions are dedicated.

To annoy a man it is not always necessary to injure permanently his health and happiness. The old-time plot of sprinkling nitrogen iodide upon the floor so that the hated one, treading on it, might have his shoes, and, if your lucky star was in the ascendant, two or three of his toes, blown into eternity, is now outrivalled. In these days of elegance and fashion a far more effective method—and one which is certainly cheaper in the long run, for you might have to compensate for the toes—is to scatter crystals of acetamide among your enemy's note-books and pockets, to scent his handkerchief surreptitiously with carbon disulphide, and to sprinkle a few drops of strong nitric acid over his clothes. Should your friend show over-zeal and proficiency in a Practical Chemistry list, entice him to the  $H_2S$  cupboard, gently thrust his head inside, and refrain from catching him when he staggers back and falls with his head upon the stone floor.

To deal with more serious cases.

Instead of flashing a dagger at your rival's throat, it is far more subtle to take him out with you for a Botany excursion. Pick for him luscious berries and juicy toadstools (only be careful to call them mushrooms) and load him with gifts, flattery, and, incidentally, poison, so that at the inquest you may appear not as the guilty prisoner in the dock, but as a pathetic picture, his heartbroken friend.

Or, why not try a tube of cacodyl oxide? Not only is the smell extraordinarily obnoxious, but it has the further advantage that he who smells once may never smell (or do anything else either) again.

Every day the papers tell of deaths resulting from doses of prussic acid, arsenic, strychnine, and opium. Do you daily read of deaths resulting from aniline poisoning? No.

Then be original, gentle friend, and be brave, and in time you may surpass Lucrezia Borgia herself in the ingeniousness of your revenges. Boldly invite your enemy to breakfast, feign friendship with him, smile upon him, and offer him some of your special porridge, previously prepared from quaker oats, aniline, and sugar. Converse brilliantly with him, be animated and witty, and leave him no time to analyse the contents of his bowl. Insist on his coming to breakfast every day, and bid him feast upon your sparkling conversation and anilined porridge. Ere long you will be rewarded by seeing him in the tortures and agonies of an excruciatingly painful death.

NOTE.—If any readers should haply take these remarks more seriously than they are intended, and, having beheld the drugged goblet drained to the last drop, should suddenly be overwhelmed with remorse, there remains one hope. Flee to the Chemistry Lab., and there among the enthusiastic band of workers shall surely be found one whose wisdom and knowledge shall be great enough to avert the impending catastrophe.

K.C.N.



## MEDITATIONS AT ATHERLEY (8.30 p.m.)

+ + +

There's a rose-pink flush where the sunset dies,  
'Neath an arch of purple and gold.

There's a veil of pearl where the swallow flies,  
And a film of grey where the low mist lies,

For the day is growing old.

There's a calm and a hush in the evening air,

And the sounds of a crowd at play

Are all stilled.—A peace strangely sweet and rare

Steals around; but a voice greets my ear: "*Say, there—  
You might help put the chairs away.*"

MICK.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAY FLY—We are sorry that you failed to rise early enough to hear the 'May Singing' at the Bargate. It was a fine experience. We cannot speak from personal knowledge, but we have heard all about it from a friend who heard it last year and has been happy ever since. He is indeed, now, the happiest person we know. You see what you have missed. We ourselves had intended to go, but our mother failed to call us early, and we overslept ourselves. Let us hope that both of us will have better luck next time.

ON THE BRINK—It is surprising to hear that you haven't yet learnt to swim. You ought to start at once. Never mind how. The main point is to do it now—whether with wings, with straps, or with a friendly hand to hold you up, or by your own unaided efforts. In reply to your questions. (1) 'I have ventured like little wanton boys that swim on bladders' occurs in Henry VIII? Act III, Scene II. This of course suggested another method of learning. (2) It was Leander, who swam across the Hellispoint in order to see his Hero. It was Lord Byron who imitated the feat in order to be a hero. We cannot say whether the name of the famous Rowing Club was suggested by the aquatic connexion. (3) The occasion, we believe, was when the Gladstonian Peers deserted their benches in a body rather than listen to the attack on them made by the Duke of Argyll. Lord Roseberry, speaking of their small number, said, *Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. Commenting upon this, the late Lord Denman said—'He has completely mistaken the nature of the charge against them. It is just that they were *not* apparent.' (4) The story, as told in that entertaining volume, Sidgwick's 'Greek Prose Composition,' is that Falirantes was invited to the Royal House, where he conversed with two princesses, one of which was ugly and the other very beautiful. Talirantes by no means conversed only with the beautiful one, but did his best that they might both be equally pleased, so that there should be no jealousy between them. At last the ugly one, observing that he was most careful to assign her a fair share of the discussion, said smilingly, in order to test him, 'Talirantes, if my sister and I were to fall into a river before your eyes, which of us would you try to rescue?' And he, embarrassed, and gazing at each in turn, at last replied to the ugly one—'O princess, can't you swim?' (5) The most notable swimming feat of which we read is that of the man brought the news of the battle of



Artemisium to Athens. According to the story, he plunged into the water at Artemisium, and did not come to the surface again until he reached Athens—a distance of about ten miles. This was too much for even the fairly credulous Herodotus. 'If you ask my opinion,' he says, 'it is that he came to Athens in a boat.'

ALEXANDRA DAY.—(1) We don't think it would be right to infer that Browning is really a popular poet from the mere fact, that on one particular day every one was saying.—'It was roses, roses all the way'—the first line of his poem 'The Patriot.' (2) George R. Sims (we think) wrote 'Billy's Rose,' and Tom Moor (we are quite sure of this) wrote 'The Last Rose of Summer,' which (if we remember rightly) was left blooming alone.

TRICKSTER sends us an examination paper which he would like us to publish for our readers to tackle. But TRICKSTER is reminded that, to be quite colloquial, our readers are 'fed up' with examinations just now. As TRICKSTER is a constant reader, who pays his subscription with the regularity of clock-work, we would do what we could to oblige him, but in the circumstances we can print only one question, as an example, from his list.

A musical mountaineer is making the accent of the Matter with the object of blowing through it from the top. If the height of the mountain is  $n$  ft., and the musical mountaineer climbs at the rate of 3 ft. a minute, and slips back at the rate of  $\sqrt{2}$  ft. a minute, how long will it take him to reach the summit? Analyse his state of mind on getting to the top of the horn and finding that he has no breath left to blow through it, and parse each word of your answer to five places of decimals.

# ROTTEN ROW. ❧ ❧

\* \* \*

Did you ever see the show  
 In the morning come and go  
 —Brougham, barouche—a steady flow,  
 Phæton, all so *comme il faut*,  
 Horse and pony, fast and slow,  
 Cantering, ambling to and fro,  
 With their burdens all aglow,  
 Lord and lady, belle and beau,  
     Lad and lass,  
     Pass, re-pass,  
 In Rotten Row?

---

# A MANLY HEART. ❧ ❧

\* \* \*

My lady laughs,  
     And ripples all my heart,  
 Till wisdom whispers  
     " She but plays a part."

My lady weeps,  
     And all my soul is hurt,  
 Till I remember  
     She's an arrant flirt.

My lady cries  
     " I love you, only you."  
 But then she says it  
     To the others too.

So let her go,  
     And play what pranks she will,  
 I'll keep my heart and  
     Be my own man still.

## "THE ANNUAL CELEBRATION."

\* \* \*

I HAVE a collection locked securely from unsympathetic eyes of queer little odds and ends,—dance programmes, fixture cards, photographs—a scrap of the Common Room door—a rosette; such a strange little heap of worthless trifles it seems! Yet I keep it, and I venture to maintain that there is scarce a Hartleyan, past or present, but has his or her little hoard of valueless treasures; Coll. souvenirs, each with its little tag of memory attached to sanctify it and purchase immunity from destruction. What a power is contained within each little scrap of card or ribbon or wood! each is a key to the Hall of Memory, a talisman whose touch reveals the Sanctuary of the Past. The pencilled scrawls on that dance programme are smudged and bleared, but you take it in hand. Straightway the dreary walls of your digs drop out of existence. You are again at that soirée—the old dance tunes are calling—the same grey, blue, brown (which?) eyes gleam;—there are the dusty old Chinese trophies as dirty as ever; you can almost catch a waft of the perfume that was on her handkerchief when she slipped it for security into your pocket. You remember—aye, we all have our treasure hoards, and but a few days ago mine received a slight augmentation; just a little booklet; a maroon, silver-lettered cover holding but a bare half-dozen pages. I have but one fault to find with it, one fault alone to find with all it represents. The cover bears the inscription "Old Students' Re-union;" the last two words are excellent; but "old!"—why! the word in itself is an absolute libel. Can one who is old join in the giddy whirl of a Gobli? Can one whose cartilaginous tissues are hardening, whose joints are growing stiff and rheumatic, whose hair is falling, march unashamed along the king's highway lustily roaring a rollicking chorus? Yet all this and more that little book speaks of. "Past" students—if you will, but "old"—never!

Let me take this little talisman in hand and one by one record the thoughts it presents to me.

On Friday, May 29th, 1913, the wheels of Time, which according to all the best authorities move ever and ever onward, took a sudden imperceptible journey backward. The little red book and his fellows were responsible, for obedient to the mystic spell enshrined in the words "7 p.m.—Smoking Concert at the College. Present and past students," there

assembled in the Men's Common Room at the appointed hour all the "old familiar faces." [Of course each old familiar face had the customary number of bodies, arms and legs attached, not having yet exchanged them for feathered cherubic appendages; but the little red book said "old familiar faces," so down it had to go.] There was a goodly mixture of "past" and "present," and as in days of yore we laid back in our chairs, removed cigarettes from our lips, opened our chests wide, and sent the old choruses thundering to the roof, which fairly trembled for joy in answer. The piano, usually sedate and solemn as its German makers, had to make a tremendous effort at self-control when his wires tinkled out accompaniments to the old, old solos. In the corridor the clock had stopped to listen, his hands were folded before him, and a smile of utmost contentment irradiated his dusty dial as the old anthems, sung as they should be sung, echoed and re-echoed through the College. Wellington, perched on his radiator, cocked an attentive ear to listen, while Canning and Palmerston were hopping with excitement, for the wheels of time had run backward indeed. The blue haze of smoke hung over all, and ever and anon a new arrival was acclaimed and welcomed with a "Hallo, old man! How the dickens are yer?" and then there followed the hand-shaking, the yarn over old times, the inquiry about the present, while every face was bent in one everlasting, all-embracing, soul-satisfied smile.

When all the songs were sung, and we had nothing left to smoke, we patted ourselves on the back with "Bravo, Hartley!" and went home. Three abreast, with a left, right, left, heads held high, we went singing, swinging up the High Street. Not a line of the first song had passed our lips ere the dignified master and teacher became reabsorbed in the student, and the shreds of false self-respect that thoughts of school had bred in us were flung into the gutters with the burnt-out stumps of our cigarettes.

"Saturday, May 30th. General Business Meeting." So runs in the little red book the next entry, and how utterly preposterous it seems! Who could talk of business at a Re-union,—save such altogether soulless individuals as Maxie Robespierre and his confederates? But, in spite of the uninviting nature of the fare provided, a goodly crowd assembled. As a consequence many arms ached from over-much handshaking, many tongues were in danger of lingual paralysis from over-much wagging. When John and Co. finally succeeded in shepherding the flock into the Central Hall a singular example of the strength of long-established

habit presented itself, for the sheep went to one side and the goats to the other. Now, how, thought I, can we proceed to business under such conditions? To business, nevertheless, we did proceed, and after much impassioned oratory by budding Antonys and Portias all affairs of state were concluded, and conversation again became general on a duet, trio, and quartette basis (duets being most popular). Before this desirable state of things was reached, however, Little John, in the course of a lengthy peroration, informed the assembled Re-unionists (a non-political party) that he had paid a visit to a hostelry in the Forest to arrange for our entertainment at the end of Monday's projected pilgrimage.

Lady readers who have ventured thus far with me along the path of my recollections will forgive my pen if it halts and fails before the task of adequately describing the events at Highfield Hall on Saturday evening. A mere man's account of such a function must needs be inadequate—how can he describe what Miss X. or Y. was wearing when he scarce knows silk from muslin, mauve from heliotrope, or Saxe blue from Cambridge? Suffice it to say that gorgeously gay were the frocks and wondrous the *coiffures* that served for the further adorning of those who that night adorned the Hall. In the intervals between conversations we glided, pirouetted, and hopped (according as individual skill and fancy prompted us) to the sound of the mad, merry music evoked by the nimble fingers of the pianist. The beauty of the grounds attracted many from the heat of the dancing-room to wander over the cool green lawns in the glimmering twilight, talking of "fair philosophies that lift the fancy." Strange, is it not, reader, that the beauties of Nature can best be admired with the help of a second pair of eyes? But I am digressing.

After our exertions in honour of Terpsichore the music-room called us to pay our homage to Apollo, and having propitiated him with harmony and song, we repaired to the temple of the little god Appetitus. The ceremonies commenced without delay, and only one unfortunate incident marred the joys of the feast. A priest of Bacchus spilled a libation to his god (in lemonade), and unhappily the greater part of it was inadvertently directed down the back of a lady participant in the feast. Happily her dress was uninjured by the accident.

You must remember that during all this time, at Smoker, Business Meeting, and Reception, the chief-conspirator and his fellow-brigands were prowling around with baleful eye and swelling pockets, demanding of each and all, at the point

of the pencil, "Your eighteenpence or ——!" I know not what dire calamities would have been vented upon the unlucky head of whomsoever dared to refuse payment, and no one was found brave enough to investigate the question. We paid and tried to be cheerful—some of us even essayed to make the best of a bad job by tendering bad half-crowns and demanding good coin of the realm as change, but to no purpose. After more dancing and the inevitable "Gobile" we assembled again in the music-room. There Dr. Hill, whom many of us had not met on any previous occasion, welcomed us back for this year and every year, reminding us that "Once a member of the College always a member of the College," and as we mentally thundered a "Hear, hear!" to his words, we who in College had not known him adopted him on the spot as *our* principal, registering a vow that next Whitsun, and the next, and the next *ad infinitum* should find us taking grateful advantage of his welcome.

The new College buildings opened their doors to us on Sunday afternoon—at least, had they possessed doors they would have done so, but these being absent the appropriate ceremony was fulfilled by T——y, who removed a scaffold pole from its moorings in order to save lady visitors an undignified "duck" beneath it.

Then over brickbats, planks, and sacks of mortar we wandered, gazing with envious eyes upon the imperturbable whitewashed walls of the lecture-rooms, comforting ourselves with the reflection that though the glory of this new building might far exceed that of the old, there never could be such men and women to inhabit it as our noble selves. The College—we are It.

Under the careful guidance of John we at last succeeded in getting into the right train on Whit Monday morning, and, thanks to his kindly sympathy with our ignorance and untiring patience in supplying information, we eventually arrived safe, sound, and throatsore at Beaulieu Road. Then our pilgrimage commenced. Over the heather, by road and by pathway, we wandered. Streams brawled across our way, but we crossed them undauntedly (thanks to the bridge provided for us by some thoughtful person who had undoubtedly preceded us—did John arrange for it?). When the way seemed long, and our strength began to fail, we sought a spot mid sylvan solitudes, "where gloomy pine trees rustled and slender larch stirred, where oak apples dropped and grasshoppers hopped," and there, "down where the sweet young chestnuts grow-owed," we sat ourselves down and gave the

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little dicky birds instruction in the polite art of warbling. The master of ceremonies succeeded in introducing a few solos and a duet into the programme, which otherwise consisted of Coll. choruses, and, lest a gem of lyrical poetry should be lost to posterity, I here give (by kind permission of the author) the words of the duet:—

(To the tune of "Auntie Laurie.")

Och! the dew was on the heather-r-r-r,  
There was me and I together-r-r,  
And the air was full of weather-r-r  
When a lass cam coortin' me.

CHORUS.

But she's a' the worl' to me,  
I say she's a' the worl' to me,  
And for boney Maggie MacAroney  
I would lay me doon and dee.

Och! she was seated on a thistle  
Outside the "Pig and Whistle,"  
Munchin' gruel, greens, and gristle  
When she cam coortin' me.

CHORUS.

After the songs we remembered that the reward of our journeyings was yet to be attained—luncheon awaited us at Beaulieu. All unconscious of the distance that still separated us from our goal, we set off four abreast carolling merrily "Vive la." But "Vive la" gave place to "Mac-Namara," and "MacNamara" to "Kelly," and still we kept on marching, and lunch seemed little nearer. But ere long the generalissimo despatched two scouts to inform the village of our advent, and hard on their heels we followed, lest they should clear the tables before we could arrive. At Beaulieu there is an Abbey, if all that the guide books say is true, but the Abbey saw little of our company. We had more serious ends in view, indeed, we had to attend to a matter of life-and-death, namely, our bodily refreshment, which in the vernacular is "grub".

The subject is tempting, but I dare not linger over it as we did on Whit Monday. Having taken the edge off an appetite capable of taking the hedge off the roadside we set off by two's, three's, and four's back to Beaulieu Road. Nothing exciting happened *en route*, but at the end of our journey there was a considerable downpour (of lemonade

down parching throats). Thanks to John, again we got out at the correct station, and set off to groom ourselves in readiness for the evening's frivolity.

Let me not omit to mention that had the weather proved inclement two ladies had arranged a "surprise party" for the afternoon. I deeply grieve that I am compelled to add that all my inquiries have failed to elicit what the surprise was to consist of. Up to the time of going to press the mystery is still unsolved; no clues have been obtained; the secret (wonder of wonders!) remains a secret.

The little red book has led me on to write at greater length than the subject seems to warrant, but there still remains Monday evening's Soirée to be described. You, reader, have been to a Coll. Soirée before. You know the ring of chairs, the old green pillars, the untenanted balconies—you know even the very kinds of cakes on the refreshment table. I imagine them the jolliest soirées you ever attended; infuse into the evening's proceedings all the joy you are capable of feeling; introduce whole hosts of the right-down-jolly-good-fellows (both sexes) whom you loved "lang syne;" add to all this the inexpressible happiness of a hundred weary souls granted a brief return to the Paradise of Coll. from the Inferno of a wage-earning world; imagine all these, and you have a faint conception of the closing Re-union function. The dances ended as dances must, "Auld Lang Syne" followed, another Gobli, "Bravo, Hartley!" and the Re-union was at an end. One by one in the ensuing days we turned regretfully to our places in the world, with many a thought thrown back over the week-end and many a thought thrown forward to the Witsun to come. May it come quickly!

MICK.

## SAYINGS APROPOS

\* \* \*

## ADVICE TO TEACHERS ON A MUCH DISCUSSED SUBJECT.

Ride with an idle whip, ride with an unused heel,  
 But, once in a way there will come a day  
 When the colt must be taught to feel  
 The Lash that falls, and the curb that gulls,  
 And the sting of the rowelled steel.

*Life's Handicap. R. Kipling.*

## "GOOD-BYES."

There is nought now our feet on the highway delaying  
 Save the friends, loving kindness, the sundering of  
 speech,  
 The well willers word that ends words with the saying ;  
 The loth to depart while each looketh on each.

*W. Morris.*

## MR. J. L. C——K.

In maiden meditation fancy-free.

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

## THE GUARD OF HONOUR.

Stern men with empires in their brains.

*Lowell. Biglow Papers.*

## THE GRANT.

Infinite riches in a little room.

*Marlowe. The Jew of Malta.*

## THE SUFF. RAG.

Now let it work : mischief thou art afoot,  
 Take thou what course thou wilt.

*Julius Cæsar.*

## THE CHOIR ON THE 20TH.

Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto  
 Wished themselves five fathoms 'neath the Rialto.

*Byron. Beppo.*

## THE UN-NOMINATED JUNIORS.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

## R——Y ON THE TABLE.

There is no true orator who is not a hero.

*Emerson. Of Eloquence.*

## THIRD YEAR STUDENTS AND PLATO LECS.

Beside, he was a shrewd Philosopher,  
And had read ev'ry text and glossed over;  
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,  
He understood b'implicit faith.

*Butler. Hudibras.*

## GOWNS.

Soloman in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

## FUTURE MEETINGS.

Some day, some day of days, threading the street,  
With idle, heedless face,  
Unlooking for such grace,  
I shall behold your face,  
Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet.

*Nora Perry. Some Day of Days.*

## NORMALS AND CERTIF. AND INTER.

He is divinely bent to meditation;  
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd  
To draw him from his holy exercise.

*Richard III.*

## MR. D——Y.

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,  
'Twas only when he was off that he was acting.

*Goldsmith. Retaliation.*

## APPLICATIONS FOR JOBS.

Get leave to work.

*E. B. Browning. Aurora Leigh.*

For men must work and women must weep,  
And the sooner its over, the sooner to sleep.

*Kingsley. Three Fishers.*

THE TAXI PROCESSION.

And there was mounting in hot haste ; the steed,  
The mustering squadron and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forth with impetuous speed.

*Byron. Childs Harold.*

THE PARTING SENIORS.

The golden age is not behind but before us.

*St. Simon.*

MR. G———N.

I have a beard coming.

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

MR. M———Y.

Sleep on, and dream - - - -  
Though shut so close thy laughing eyes,  
Thy rosy lips still wear a smile  
And more, and breathe delicious sighs.

*Rogers. The Sleeping Beauty.*

MR. R———S.

My thoughts hold mortal strife,  
I do detest my life.

*Drummond.*



## HINTS ON CRICKET. X X

By an Expert.

\* \* \*

## THE BATSMAN.

The thing that really matters is a good style. It is notable that a reputation for style will keep a man in a team for quite a long time. Here are some of the requisites for a good style:—

- (1) Employ the first twenty or thirty yards of your progress from the pavilion in putting on your gloves. Then step out briskly to the wicket, passing a joke with the umpire on the way. (N.B.—Take good care to get on good terms with the umpires beforehand.)
- (2) Give minute instructions to the umpire *re* your guard. Measure your bat's length from the wicket and mark off with a bail. This lengthens your stay.
- (3) Pat the ground and pick up any stray beetles or blades of grass. This also lengthens your stay.
- (4) Demand, in a fairly loud and slightly indignant voice, that a number of small boys (whom you have suborned beforehand) be removed from the front of the sight-board. This will lengthen your stay still more.
- (5) Carefully fix each fielder in turn with your eye, and if you have any eye left over use it on the bowler. By this time you should have had a good innings.
- (6) If by any chance you are allowed more than one ball, practise on the air the strokes in which you have failed. This is very effective.

## THE BOWLER.

- (1) Alter the field frequently. If you are accustomed to being hit out of the field put about six men on the boundary. It looks as if you are bowling for catches.

- (2) Carefully tread out an exact number of steps behind the wicket, and scratch a mark on the turf with the spikes of your boot.
- (3) Should you get a hot return dodge behind the umpire, and make it appear that he is in the way.
- (4) A trial ball and a few preliminary swings of the arm look well.

#### THE FIELDER.

- (1) Pick up the ball before throwing it in. This is a useful piece of advice.
- (2) If you should miss a simple catch, fall down. In fact, when in any difficulty, fall down. It is a safe rule.
- (3) A piece of sticking-plaster placed in the middle of the hand will be sufficient apology for not attempting a hot catch. (*N.B.*—If you are very poor at catches, it might be advisable to place a piece on *each* hand.)
- (4) There are two orthodox ways of behaving when one has misfielded a ground drive:—(a) Intimate the unevenness of the ground—preferably in dumb show. This will usually exonerate you. (b) Assume an air of nonchalance and indifference, walk (on no account hurry) after the ball, and when you have recovered it shy it in hot at the bowler.



## CHRISTIAN UNION. ✕

\* \* \*

## WOMEN'S BRANCH.

WE have had three Combined Meetings this Term. On Sunday, May 3rd, Rev. Spencer addressed us, his subject being: "No Mission, no Church."

On May 31st, Dr. Hill kindly allowed us to have a meeting at Highfield Hall. This was a meeting of past and present students, at which Rev. Mitchell gave a very helpful address.

Our farewell meeting, held on Sunday, 21st June, was addressed by Rev. Pearce.

The only other work we have to report is that of the Study Circles. This Term we have had two circles studying the "Outcast's Hope." Neither circle, however, has been able to finish the book, as the times of the circles could not be fixed satisfactorily.

We are able to send two delegates to Swanwick this year, but, although the number is small, we hope those who go will bring back renewed enthusiasm for next year's work.

M. F.

## MEN'S BRANCH.

The meetings this term have suffered, as far as attendance is concerned, from the fine weather, but those who have attended have had the pleasure of listening to some helpful addresses. Among those who have spoken are:—Rev. H. T. Spencer, M.A., M.Sc., Rev. J. H. Pearce, B.A., Rev. Peter Buchan, Rev. B. James, B.A., and Mr. A. S. Arnold, B.Sc. Their addresses have been on very helpful and suggestive lines, and both the personal and social aspects of religion were dealt with.

During the Whitsuntide Réunion many old friends of the Union were met and special services were held. On Sunday morning, at Alhion Chapel, the Rev. Dr. Garvie, M.A., Principal of Hackney College, preached on our responsibilities to child-life, and in the evening the Rev. Neville Lovett, M.A., Rural Dean, preached at St. Mary's on the influence which student life impregnated with the Spirit of Christ ought to have on the life of the whole nation in ameliorating and Christianising present social conditions. Both services were well attended by past and present students.

In the afternoon a large number assembled at Highfield Hall, kindly placed at our disposal by Dr. Alex. Hill, who once again showed his interest and sympathy by taking the chair. Canon Mitchell spoke, and threw much light on modern religious thought and the results of modern criticism, which must have proved very helpful to all who heard him. The meeting was reminiscent to many of Swanwick.

We should like once again to thank all those who have helped us in any way, and to wish those who remain success and happiness.

E. W.



## CHESS NOTES. X X

\* \* \*

THE season has again proved very successful. The Hants County Trophy, won by the College last season, has been retained, and once again the team did not lose a match. The scores were as follows:—

|                  |            |                |      | Games. |          |
|------------------|------------|----------------|------|--------|----------|
|                  |            |                |      | For.   | Against. |
| Nov. 25th        | Hartley v. | Southampton C. | Won  | 3½     | 1½       |
| Dec. 6th         | " v.       | Basingstoke    | Draw | 2½     | 2½       |
| Jan. 27th        | " v.       | Southampton A. | Draw | 2½     | 2½       |
| Feb. 14th        | " v.       | Andover        | Won  | 3½     | 1½       |
| Mar. 17th        | " v.       | Southampton B. | Won  | 3      | 2        |
| June 6th (Final) | " v.       | Portsmouth B.  | Won  | 4      | 1        |

The victory against Portsmouth B. was splendid; Prof. Watk Messrs. Mackie, Gibbs and Lockwood winning their games for the Colle

Our second team was almost equally successful in the County League Competition, for owing to a draw in our last match v. Southampton I., we finished second by  $\frac{1}{2}$  a point.

The League Table was as follows:—

|                            | P. | W. | D. | L. | Games. |     | Points. |
|----------------------------|----|----|----|----|--------|-----|---------|
|                            |    |    |    |    | W.     | L.  |         |
| Southampton II.            | 5  | 4  | 0  | 1  | 17     | 8   | 4       |
| Hartley University College | 5  | 3  | 1  | 1  | 13     | 12  | 3½      |
| Southampton I.             | 5  | 2  | 1  | 2  | 13½    | 11½ | 2½      |
| Eastleigh I.               | 5  | 2  | 0  | 3  | 12½    | 12½ | 2       |
| Andover                    | 5  | 2  | 0  | 3  | 12     | 13  | 2       |
| Eastleigh II.              | 5  | 1  | 0  | 4  | 7      | 18  | 1       |

The College Tournament was held last term on the double knock-out system. Though there were fewer entries this year the competition was as keen as ever, and prizes were won by the following:—1st prize, C. S. Gibbs; 2nd prize (equal) H. J. Alford and R. J. C. Weber; 4th prize, E. W. Godden.

At a General Meeting of the Club held on June 17th, the following officers were elected for season 1914-15.

|                            |    |    |                     |
|----------------------------|----|----|---------------------|
| Chairman                   | .. | .. | Prof. W. F. Masom.  |
| Captain                    | .. | .. | Prof. E. L. Watkin. |
| Vice-Captain               | .. | .. | Mr. W. S. Mackie.   |
| Hon. Sec. & Treas.         | .. | .. | C. S. Gibbs.        |
| Committee (Senior Members) | .. | .. | H. J. Alford.       |
|                            | .. | .. | P. C. Wright.       |

R. J. C. W

## CRICKET. x x x

v v v

## Notes on the Team.



UP to the time of writing we have played some really keen and excellent matches, especially that with our neighbours, Winchester Training College. The result of this match was a tie of 67, and no doubt many years will roll by before another match so brim full of excitement will be played.

Owing to lack of time for fielding practice, we have lost four matches through errors in the field. This is regrettable, but on the whole the team has improved much since the first three matches.

Of last year's eleven only one (the Captain) remains. Of the Juniors Millard and Moody have done best, especially in the field. Broughton is developing into a steady and useful bat, and much is expected from him. Bamford has improved greatly, both in batting and in fielding, whilst our left-hander (Naylor) has done some useful work with the ball. During the time Farquharson was with us he did splendidly both with the bat and at cover-point. His howling achievement against Winchester Training College stands out as one of his best. Mead and Glover have shown the most consistent all-round form. The Captain wishes to thank the team for the loyal way in which they have worked under him; and also to thank those gentlemen who have so readily given their services as umpires and scorers.

R. M.

## Seniors v. Juniors.

In beautiful cricket weather. The Junior Captain (Moody) won the toss, but sent the Seniors in to bat first. Glover and Naylor opened the Senior's innings, but a sensational start was made, Glover being clean bowled by Thomas the first ball of the match. Naylor was next dismissed, but Mead stopped the rot, and, after a careful start, played the howling very confidently. Various bowling changes failed to secure his dismissal, and, scoring very freely all round the wicket, he reached 50 in just under the hour. He received useful help from Williams and Broughton, both of whom defended carefully. In about two hours' play he reached his century, without having given the semblance of a chance, and always having complete mastery over the bowling. At 156 the innings was declared closed, for the loss of five wickets, Mead then being 110, not out. The Juniors failed wretchedly against the fine bowling of Glover and Mummery, and were all out for 45 runs. Moody alone reached double figures, though Millard played well for a time. Glover secured four wickets for 17 runs, while Mummery got six for 21. Thus, in a very one-sided match, the Seniors were victorious by 111 runs and five wickets.

C. B. B.

### Played on April 29th. v. Ordnance S.O.

The outstanding features of this match were the fine hatting of Glover, and the splendid stand made by Messrs. Young and Small for our opponents. Glover seemed to have profited greatly by his early dismissal in the opening match the week before, and treated us to some characteristic hatting all round the wicket. Not one member of the side failed to score, but the next highest total was a long way behind that of Glover's 75.

For the College, Mead took four wickets for 39 runs, and Mummery one for 24. Scores:—College, 152; Ordnance, 202 (for five wickets).

### Played on May 2nd. v. Law C.C.

This was undoubtedly a tale of missed catches, and it was on account of these blunders that the College did not register its first victory of the season.

The College won the toss and elected to bat first, but soon lost the services of Glover with 14 on the board; but some good batting by Farquharson (26), Snellgrove (22, not out), and Mead (88), assisted by some minor contributions, brought up the total to 181 for seven, at which point the innings was declared closed. Our opponents were left an hour and three-quarters in which to get the runs, but they preferred to play for the draw, and at the drawing of stumps had scored 126 for six.

For the College, Mead took four wickets for 31, Naylor one for 22, and Glover one for 37.

### Played at Eastleigh on May 9th. v. Eastleigh Engineers.

Runs in this match were extremely difficult to get owing to the long grass in the outfield, but, even apart from this, our batsmen made a sorry show before the howling of our opponents. Farquharson (23) and Naylor (14) were the only two batsmen to reach double figures, the total reaching 63.

Our opponents had scored 25 for the loss of only two wickets, and it then seemed as if we were destined to suffer defeat, but at this total four wickets fell in fairly quick succession, and matters seemed easier for us. At the drawing of stumps the Engineers had scored 44, leaving us winners by 19 runs.

For the College, Glover took four wickets for 19 runs, Mead three for 22, and Thomas one for 0.

### Played at home on May 13th. v. University College, Reading.

This most important match was played in rather dull weather. The College batted first, opening with Glover and Farquharson. Owing to the good quality of the attack the scoring was slow, but it advanced steadily to 26, when Farquharson was howled by a good ball delivered by the opposing skipper. There was nothing exciting about our innings, except the fact that our wickets fell too quickly. Moody (25) and Glover (17) were top scorers out of a total of 90.

Our opponents started disastrously, and lost six men for 39 runs, but their left-hander (Flint) by some really good cricket stopped the rot, and he received useful assistance from Passmore (33). Stumps were drawn as soon as Flint had reached his century (not out), the total then being 206 for nine.

Thus it was that our opponents gained a decisive victory, though at one period the prospect had looked decidedly gloomy for them.

For the College, Mead took six wickets for 52, Farquharson one for 14, Millard one for 20, and Glover one for 50.

In the evening the Reading team spent an enjoyable time at the residence of Dr. Hill, who generously invited them to dinner. We take this opportunity of publicly thanking him for his interest and kindness.

#### Played at home on May 16th. v. Lymington.

This match was played under ideal conditions, and after a keen and interesting struggle resulted in a win for our opponents by 39 runs.

The bowling of Mr. Vicary and Fielder—the ex-Hants pro.—was far too good for the majority of our team, and only Mead (51) and Farquharson (29) made double figures. The latter was very unlucky in being run out when well set, and had not this mistake in judgment been made the chances are that we should have won.

Lymington required 6 runs for victory with two wickets to fall. Mr. Christian was missed the first ball he received, and subsequently made 26. This error proved most expensive, in that it lost us the match.

For the winners the wicket-keeper, Evans (52)—a member of the Hants County Cricket Club—was top scorer. Result:—H.U.C., 105; Lymington, 144.

For the College, Glover took five wickets for 63 runs, Farquharson three for 37, and Mead one for 18.

#### Played at Winchester, May 20th. v. Training College Winchester.

This match was played under almost tropical conditions, and resulted, after an intensely interesting game, in a drawn game of 67 runs each—a most unusual occurrence.

Owing to the chalky patches studded throughout the pitch runs were difficult to obtain, and almost throughout the bowlers had the upper hand. The College lost nine wickets for 38 runs, when Bamford and Hodges became associated, and so keen and sparkling was their play that they added 29 runs, Bamford being not out, 17, and Hodges 10. This was perhaps the brightest batting of the day, although Mr. Jarman, for the Training College, batted extremely carefully and well for 22 (not out), and it was certainly not his fault that his side did not win.

Our opponents had 65 runs on the board with only five men out, and it then seemed as if they were certain of victory, but a double change in bowling, backed up by some splendid and brilliant fielding, caused the last five wickets to fall for the addition of 2 runs. Mention should be made here of the two splendid catches taken by Bamford, who had a great share in the match being a draw. His first catch was really a brilliant one-handed effort, which must have caused him joy when he found he had it securely, as none thought he would hold it, or even get to it.

For the College, Mead took four wickets for 36 runs, Farquharson three for 4, Naylor two for 2, and Glover one for 18.

Played on Saturday, May 23rd. **v. Ordnance Survey.**

This match was very disappointing, owing to the rain. Our trundlers were greatly handicapped by having to use a ball which had the feel of soft soap. This enabled our opponents to rattle up 169 runs for nine, at which point they declared. Only an hour-and-a-quarter remained for play, and to get 170 in this time against good bowling was quite impossible. But one or two tried to force the game and paid the penalty. The innings closed for 73; Bamford (27) and Broughton 19 (not out) were top scorers. It is gratifying to note the improvement in these two batsmen, and much is expected from them in future matches.

For the College, Glover took four wickets for 48, Naylor two for 34. Mead two for 52, and Millard one for 31.

Played at Totton on Wednesday, May 27th. **v. Calmore C.C.**

This was quite an enjoyable match, played in the country, and resulted in a win for the College by four wickets.

For the College, Naylor (38) batted in his best style, and he was well backed up by Moody (16), Bamford (14), Broughton (14), and Williams (10, not out).

Played on the County Ground, Southampton, on June 3rd.  
**v. Deanery.**

It is almost certain that the result would have been the reverse had the chances offered been accepted.

The Deanery batted first on an excellent wicket, and at one time had two wickets down for 109 runs. The Rev. Mr. Fisher batted splendidly for 55, and he was given much assistance from Messrs. Ruffell (28), and Bardon (33). The innings lasted two-and-a-half hours, during which time 237 runs were scored for the loss of nine wickets.

The College started very well against good bowling, and 31 runs were registered before Glover (24) was bowled. During his stay he scored quickly, and had four 4's, one 6, and a 2 to his credit. Naylor was caught at the wicket very soon after, and, with Mead's arrival, the score mounted to 91, when he was well caught in the slips for 38, which included six 4's. Five wickets were down and half an hour remained for play, and it then seemed as if our men would do well and so avert defeat, but some good bowling by Mr. Russell settled the careers of many. At exactly one minute to seven o'clock—and, incidentally, the last ball of the last over of the match—Bradley (15) was caught and howled. Thus ended an excellent match which everyone thoroughly enjoyed.

For the College, Beale took four wickets for 86 runs, Naylor two for 26, and Mead two for 32.

**Averages, 1914.**

**BATTING.**

| Name.             | Innings. | Total runs. | Highest score. | Times not out. | Average. |
|-------------------|----------|-------------|----------------|----------------|----------|
| R. Mead ..        | 11       | 389         | 115            | 0              | 35 36    |
| P. Glover ..      | 11       | 249         | 83*            | 1              | 24 90    |
| S. Farquharson .. | 5        | 94          | 29             | 0              | 18 80    |
| C. B. Bamford ..  | 10       | 80          | 27             | 2              | 10 00    |

\* Indicates "Not out."

## BOWLING.

| Name.            | Overs. | Maidens. | Runs. | Wkts. | Average. |
|------------------|--------|----------|-------|-------|----------|
| R. Mead .. ..    | 116'2  | 21       | 433   | 38    | 11'39    |
| P. Glover .. ..  | 100'4  | 11       | 469   | 17    | 27'58    |
| J. S. Naylor ..  | 53'5   | 6        | 259   | 11    | 23'54    |
| H. A. Millard .. | 20     | 0        | 133   | 4     | 33'25    |

The above averages do not include the Seniors v. Juniors match.

## "G" COMPANY. ❧

\* \* \*

We have to record many changes in the Company since last Camp.

We all regret the loss of our late Captain, Prof. Maxwell, who for years worked hard for the honour and welfare of "G." We wish him success in his new life.

Our new C.O., Mr. Wiseman, has only been with the Company for a short time, but he has shown himself an enthusiastic officer.

We tender our heartiest congratulations to Mr. Collins on his gaining a commission. His hard work for several years as Colour-Sergeant is too well known to need mention here, and we feel sure that he will be as efficient as an officer as he was as senior N.C.O. of "G."

Among the N.C.O.'s, many changes have taken place, but throughout the Company a high state of efficiency has been maintained.

Most of the present students have completed their drills and musketry, and many of last year's men have continued in the Company. *We hope that their example will be followed by the men who leave in July.*

A Whitsun Camp was held at Baddesley. The weather was fine, and the brown face of those who attended told their own story. This year the Réunion interfered with the attendance, but we hope that in future the College Company will turn up in force.

### Passed Portsmouth Musketry Course.

Lieut. Wiseman, Sergts. Hallum and White.

*Marksmen.*—Corpl. Mead, 1914; Pte. Falcon, 1913-14; Pte. Cooke, 1914; Pte. Newton, 1914; Pte. Hodges, 1914.

*Qualified at Dépôt.*—Lance-Corpls. Sinclair and Leigh.

### Promotions and Appointments.

Col.-Sergt. Collins to be Second-Lieut.; Sergt. Hallum to be Col.-Sergt.; Corpl. Douglas to be Lance-Sergt.; Lance-Corpl. Mead to be Corpl.; Pte. Sinclair to be Lance-Corpl.; Pte. Mills to be Lance-Corpl.; Pte. Dudley to be Lance-Corpl.

It is to be hoped that all the new N.C.O.'s, will qualify at the Dépôt as soon as possible, in order that they may be able to assist Mr. Collins in drilling the new recruits.

**Camp.**

The Annual Training will be held from July 26th to August 9th. *It is hoped that all men will attend for the full period, and try to win the Battalion Shield for the third successive year.*

An Inter-Company Football Competition will be held for medals, and as we can turn out practically all the members of the College team, we are confident.

Success to "G!"

P. C. J. L.

## OFFICERS FOR SESSION 1914-1915.

—o—

*Inter-sessional General Secretary*—Mr. V. G. Hodges.

**M.R.C.**

*Chairman*—Mr. V. G. Hodges.

*Secretary*—Mr. D. Moriarty.

*Committee*—Messrs. J. Moody, H. A. Millard, I. R. James, E. Uren.

Two first-year men to be elected next session

**W.R.C.**

*President*—Miss O. Foot.

*Secretary*—Miss D. Thomas.

*Committee*—Miss W. Rider, Miss D. Simpson,

Two first-year women to be elected next session.

**M.C.R.**

*Chairman*—Mr. Taylor.

*Secretary*—Mr. E. Uren.

*Committee*—Mr. D. McWhinnie, Mr. W. Goddard.

One first-year man to be elected next session.

**W.C.R.**

*President*—Miss Aubrey.

*Secretary*—Miss Payne.

*Committee*—Miss Urry.

One first-year woman to be elected.

**Magazine.**

*Chairman and Editor*—Dr. Horrocks.

*Secretary*—Mr. Bratcher.

*Committee*—Mr. I. R. James, Mr. Simmonds, Miss Seaton.

Sub-Editor to be elected by Committee next session

**Lit. & Deb.***Chairman*—Prof. Lyttel.*Secretary*—Mr. James.*Committee*—Mr. H. A. Thomas, Mr. W. Lewis, Miss Seaton.**Choral Society.***Chairman*—Miss Aubrey.*Secretary*—Mr. Cooke.*Committee*—Mr. McWhinnie, Mr. Coles, Miss Lovell.**Sci. Soc.***President*—The Principal, (*ex officio*).*Vice-Presidents*—The Members of the Teaching Staff on the science side.*Student-Chairman*—Mr. Potter.*Secretary-Treasurer*—Mr. Williamson.*Representatives of:—**Biology*—Mr. Ludford, Mr. Goldring.*Chemistry*—Mr. Goddard.*Mathematics*—Mr. Barnes.*Physics*—Miss D. Thomas.*Engineering*—Mr. Millard.

Two extra Members of Committee to be elected next year.

**Soirée Committee.***Chairman*—Miss Aubrey.*Secretary*—Mr. Nobes.*Committee*—Mr. Moriarty, Mr. Rees, Miss E. Rider.

Physical Culture, Hockey, Swimming Committees to be elected next session.

—o—

*Recognised but unaffiliated Society.***Christian Union—Men's Branch.***Staff-President*—Mr. Tomlinson.*Student-President*—Mr. I. R. James.*Secretary-Treasurer*—Mr. H. A. Millard.*Committee*—Messrs L. Clark, R. Carpenter, C. Norman, W. Potter.**Women's Branch.***Staff-President*—Miss Aubrey.*Student-President*—Miss G. Lovell.*Secretary-Treasurer*—Miss G. Payne.*Committee*—Misses D. Donkin, S. Brown, T. Taylor, E. Thatcher.



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